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THE PILGRIM,

A

COMEDY:

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Written Originally by Mr. Fletcher, *and now very much Alter'd, with ſeveral Additions.*
By Sir John Vanbrugh.

LIKEWISE

A Prologue, Epilogue, Dialogue *and* Maſque, *Written by the late Great Poet Mr.* DRYDEN, *juſt before his Death, being the laſt of his WORKS.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Benjamin Tooke*, near the *Middle-Temple-Gate*, in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1700.

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The Pilgrim.
The Careless Husband.
Love's Last Shift.
Love makes a Man.
The Double Gallant.
The Lady's Last Stake.
Grief Ala Mode.
The College Friend
The Squire of Alsatia.
Squire Trelooby.
The Gamester.
The Rehearsal.

Camilla

BRITAN

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

HOW wretched is the Fate of thoſe who write!
Brought muzled to the Stage, for fear they bite.
Where, like Tom Dove, *they ſtand the Common Foe;*
Lugg'd by the Critique, *Baited by the* Beau.
Yet worſe, their Brother Poets *Damn the Play,*
And Roar the loudeſt, tho' they never Pay.
The Fops are proud of Scandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low Character, ——That's I.
He who writes Letters to himſelf, wou'd Swear
The World forgot him, if he was not there.
What ſhou'd a Poet do? 'Tis hard for One
To pleaſure all the Fools that wou'd be ſhown:
And yet not Two in Ten will paſs the Town.
Moſt Coxcombs are not of the Laughing kind;
More goes to make a Fop, than Fops can find.
Quack Marus, *tho' he never took Degrees*
In either of our Univerſities;
Yet to be ſhown by ſome kind Wit he looks,
Becauſe he plaid the fool and writ Three Books.
But if he wou'd be worth a Poet's Pen,
He muſt be more a Fool, and write again:
For all the former Fuſtian ſtuff he wrote,
Was Dead-born Doggrel, or is quite forgot;
His Man of Uz, *ſtript of his* Hebrew *Robe,*
Is juſt the Proverb, and As poor as *Job.*

One wou'd have thought he cou'd no longer Jog;
But Arthur *was a Level,* Job's *a Bog.*
There, tho' he crept, yet ſtill he kept in ſight;
But here, he founders in, and ſinks down right.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by Rule,
Tobit *had firſt been turn'd to Ridicule:*
But our bold Britton, *without Fear or Awe,*
O're-leaps at once, the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Pſalms *with Rhymes, and leaves no room*
For any Vandal Hopkins *yet to come.*
But what if, after all, this Godly Geer,
Is not ſo Senceleſs as it wou'd appear?
Our Mountebank has laid a deeper Train,
His Cant, like Merry Andrew's *Noble Vein,*
Cat-Call's the Sects, to draw 'em in again.
At leiſure Hours, in Epique Song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his Coaches Wheels,
Preſcribes in haſt, and ſeldom kills by Rule,
But rides Triumphant between Stool and Stool.
Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day,
To get himſelf a Place in Farce or Play.
We know not by what Name we ſhould Arraign him,
For no one Category can contain him;
A Pedant, Canting Preacher, and a Quack,
Are Load enough to break one Aſſes Back:
At laſt, grown wanton, he preſum'd to write,
Traduc'd Two Kings, their kindneſs to requite;
One made the Doctor, and one dubb'd the Knight.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE. By Mr. *Dryden.*

Perhaps the Parſon ſtretch'd a point too far,
When with our Theatres *he wag'd a War.*
He tells you, That this very Moral Age
Receiv'd the firſt Infection from the Stage.
But ſure, a baniſht Court, with Lewdneſs fraught,
The Seeds of open Vice returning brought.
Thus Lodg'd, (as Vice by great Example thrives)
It firſt debauch'd the Daughters and the Wives.
London, *a fruitful Soil, yet never bore*
So plentiful a Crop of Horns before.
The Poets, *who muſt live by Courts or ſtarve,*
Were proud, ſo good a Government to ſerve;
And mixing with Buffoons and Pimps profain,
Tainted the Stage, for ſome ſmall Snip of Gain.
For they, like Harlots *under* Bawds *profeſt,*
Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the leaſt.
Thus did the thriving Malady *prevail,*
The Court, it's Head, the Poets *but the Tail.*
The Sin was of our Native growth, 'tis true;
The Scandall of the Sin was wholly new.
Miſſes *there were, but modeſtly conceal'd;*
White-hall *the naked* Venus *firſt reveal'd.*
Who ſtanding, as at Cyprus, *in her Shrine,*
The Strumpet was ador'd with Rites Divine.
E're this, if Saints had any Secret Motion,
'Twas Chamber Practice all, and Cloſe Devotion.
I paſs the Peccadillo's of their time;
Nothing but open Lewdneſs was a Crime.
A Monarch's *Blood was venial to the Nation,*
Compar'd with one foul Act of Fornication.
Now, they wou'd Silence us, and ſhut the Door
That let in all the barefac'd Vice before.
As for reforming us, which ſome pretend,
That work in England *is without an end;*
Well we may change, but we ſhall never mend.
Yet, if you can but bear the preſent Stage,
We hope much better of the coming Age.
What wou'd you ſay, if we ſhou'd firſt begin
To Stop the Trade of Love, behind the Scene:
Where Actreſſes *make bold with maried Men?*
For while abroad ſo prodigal the Dolt *is,*
Poor Spouſe at home as ragged as a Colt is.
In ſhort, we'll grow as Moral as we can,
Save here and there a Woman or a Man:
But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be ſome Remains,
While you have ſtill your Oats, *and we our* Hains.

Perſons

Perſons Repreſented.

Men.

Alphonſo, an Old Angry Gentleman.	*Mr. Johnſon.*
Curio, *Seberto*, His two Friends.	
Pedro, The Pilgrim, A Noble Gentleman, Servant to *Alinda*.	*Mr. Wilks.*
Roderigo, Rival to *Pedro*, Captain of the Outlaws.	*Mr. Mills.*
Lopez, *Jaques*, Two Outlaws under *Roderigo*.	
An Old Pilgrim.	
Governour of *Segovia*.	*Mr. Simſon.*
Verdugo, A Captain under him.	
A Gentleman of the Country.	
Courtiers.	
Porter.	
Beggars.	
Maſter and Keeper of the Mad folks.	
A Scholar.	*Mr. Thomas.*
A Parſon.	*Mr. Haynes.*
An Engliſhman. Madmen.	*Mr. Cibber.*
A Welſhman.	*Mr. Norris.*
A Taylor.	*Mr. Pinkeman.*
Servants.	
Peaſants	

Women.

Alinda, Daughter to *Alphonſo*, in Love with *Pedro*.	*Mrs. Oldfield*
Juletta, *Alinda*'s Maid, a ſmart Laſs.	*Mrs. Moor.*
A Fool.	

THE

THE PILGRIM, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, *and* Seberto.

Cur. SEignior *Alphonſo*, you are too rugged with her, too harſh; indeed you are.

Alph. Yes, it ſeems ſo.

Feb. A Father of ſo ſweet a Child, ſo good, ſo beautiful; Fye, Sir, fye, ſo excellent a Creature.

Alph. She's a Fool; away.

Seb. Can you be angry? Can any wind blow rough upon a bloſſom ſo fair and tender? Can a Father's Nature, a Noble Father's too?

Alph. All this is but prating: Let her be rul'd; let her obſerve my Humour; with my Eyes let her ſee, with my Ears let her hear; I am her Father; I begot her, I bred her, and by *Jupiter* I will ———

Seb. No doubt you may compel her, but think how wretched you by force may make her.

Alph. Wretched! wretched! Is't not a Man I force her to? A noble Man; A Rich Man; A Handſome Man; A Young Man; A Strong Man; none of your piec'd Companions, none of your waſhy Rogues, that fly to fitters upon every puff of Weather. I force her to a ſtrong Dog, don't I? What wou'd the Flirt have?

Seb. I grant you, *Roderigo* is all theſe, and a brave Gentleman: But does it therefore follow, ſhe muſt doat upon him? Will you allow no Liberty in chuſing?

Cur. Alas! ſhe's tender yet.

Alph. Tough, Tough, Tough as the Devil; you ſee I can't break her.

Seb. You put her to too hard a Tryal: You know, tho' he has Merit, he's a baniſh'd Man, an Out-law; you know the Life he leads; That he's the head of a rough Band of Robbers; Judge what Effect his bloody Rapines muſt needs e're this have workt upon his nature. A rugged Mate, I doubt, for ſuch a Dove.

Cur.

Cur. Rugged indeed; Such different Tempers, where can you ever hope to reconcile?

Alph. Abed, abed, D'ye hear? abed, Sir. She won't find him ſo rugged there, I'll warrant you: She'll find ways to ſoften him. And for the Pranks he plays in's Baniſhment, it ſhews he's a mettled Fellow: He'll make e'm weary o' their Sentence; a ſmall Compoſition will reſtore him. But I know the Secret of all this: My Minx has ſome other in View; ſome flickering Slave or other, ſome ſweet-ſcented Coxcomb, that ——a —— Sings, I'll warrant you, and —— a —— Lutes it, Languiſhes, and has no Beard; ha! Is't not ſo?

Seb. So far from what you charge her with, I wou'd engage my Life, ſhe has not yet a Glance to anſwer for.

Cur. I never yet beheld more Modeſty.

Seb. Nor I, in one ſo young; ſo much diſcretion.

Alph. —— Hum —— and yet there was a Fellow (Dead I hope) whom I have ſeen her glance at, 'till I thought the Huſſy wou'd have ſtuck her Eyes into the Raſcal.

Seb. Pray, who was that?

Alph. Pedro, Sir, only *Pedro*, old *Fernando's* hopeful Heir; my Mortal Foe, who's Family I wiſh conſum'd; that's all, Sir.

Seb. If that be all, you have nothing left to fear; for *Pedro*, urg'd by ſecret diſcontent, has left his Father, Friends, and all; and, as 'tis ſaid, is gone to range the World.

Alph. With all my heart: He was a Beggar, ſo ſtrolling is his Buſineſs.

Cur. He was a Beggar, but a noble Beggar; ſhame on the Court for ſuffering him to be ſo.

Alph. Shame on thoſe who encourage Beggars, I ſay. Here's this young Slut, in the midſt of her Rebellion, is ſo very Religious, ſhe undoes me with her Charity. Why, what a Crew of Vermin have I about my Door every day, to receive Meat, Drink, and Money, from her fair hands. Not a Rogue that can ſay his Prayers, groan, and turn his Pipe to Lamentation, but ſhe thinks ſhe's bound to dance to.

Enter Alinda, *and* Juletta.

Alph. O, are you there Miſtriſs? Well, how goes Diſobedience to day? —— That's a baſe down Look —— Ah you ſturdy young Jade.

Cur. Pray be more gentle to her.

Alph. Pray be quiet; I know beſt how to deal with her: and I will make her obey, or I will make her ——

Alin. Sir, you may make me any thing; you know I'm all Obedience, there's nothing but my Prayers and Tears oppoſe you.

Alph. Then will I oppoſe nothing but your Prayers and Tears. Now I hope you can't complain of me.

Cur. Poor Lady, how I pity her.

Alph. Pray, keep your Pity for a better occaſion. Look you, Gentlewoman, you know my Will; and, in that, you know all; So I leave you to digeſt it; and I deſire theſe Gentlemen will do ſo too.

Exit

Cur. Seb. A better hour attend you, Madam. { *Exit* Alphonſo, *followed by* Curio *and* Seberto.

Alin. I thank ye Gentlemen: Alas! I want ſuch Comforts. Wou'd I cou'd thank you too, Father; but your Cruelty won't give me leave. Grant, Heav'n, I mayn't forget my Duty to him.

Ful. If you do, Madam, Heav'n will forgive you for't, ne'er fear it. A perverſe old Rogue. (*Aſide.*

Alin. What Poor attend my Charity to day, *Juletta*?

Ful. Enow of all ſorts, Madam; ſome that deſerve your Pity, ſome that don't: But I wiſh you wou'd be merry with your Charity; a Chearful Look becomes it.

Alin. Alas! *Juletta*, what is there for me to be merry at? What Joy have I in View?

Ful. Joy; why what Joy, i'th name of *Venus*, wou'd you have, but a Husband? A handſome luſty young Fellow, that will make ſuch a buſtle about you, he'll ſend your Spleen to the *Devil*, Madam.

Alin. Away, light Fool; I doubt there's poor Contentments to be found in Marriage. Yet cou'd I find a Man ———

Ful. You may, a thouſand.

Alin. Meer Men, I know I may. But ſuch a Man, from whoſe Example (as from a Compaſs) we may ſteer our Courſe, and ſafe arrive at ſuch a Memory as ſhall become our Aſhes; ſuch Men are rare indeed. But no more of this, 'tis not Diſcourſe that's ſuited to thy Giddy Temper: Let's in, and ſee what poor afflicted Wretches want my Charity. (*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Porter, Beggars, Pedro, *and an old* Pilgrim.

Port. Stand off, and keep your Ranks. Twenty foot farther. There, louſe your ſelves with Reaſon and Diſcretion —— The Sun ſhines warm. No nearer. The farther ſtill the better: Your Beaſts will bolt anon, and then 'tis dangerous.

1ſt. Beg. Hey ho! Heav'n bleſs our Miſtriſs.

Port. Do's the Crack go that way, old Hunger, ha? 'Twill be o' my ſide anon.

2d. Beg. Pray, Friend, be kind to us.

Port. Friend! your Friend; and why your Friend, Sirrah, Meager Chaps? What do you ſee in me, Louſe-trap, or without me, ha! that I ſhou'd be your Friend? Have I got the Itch, Scrub, or do I look like ſome of thy Acquaintance hung in Gibbets? Haſt thou any Friends, Kindred, or Alliance, or any higher Ambition than an Alms-Basket? This young ſoft-hearted Miſtriſs of mine do's make theſe Rogues ſo familiar.

2d. Beg. I'm ſure I wou'd be your Worſhip's Friend.

Port. No doubt on't, Vermin; and ſo you ſhall, when I Quarter the ſame Louſe with you.

3d. Beg. I'm sure it's Twelve a Clock.

Port. 'Tis ever so with thee, when thou hast done scratching; For that provokes thy stomach to ring Noon. O the infinite Seas of Porridge thou hast swallow'd! Alms do you call it, to relieve these Rascals?

Enter Alphonso, Curio, Sebetto.

Alph. Look you there! Did not I tell you how she wou'd undoe me! What Marts of Rogues and Beggars!

Seb. 'Tis Charity Methinks you are bound to love her for.

Alp. Yes, I'll warrant you. If Men cou'd sail to Heav'n in Porridge-pots, with Masts of Beef and Mutton, what a Voyage shou'd I make? What are all these here?

1st. Beg. Poor People, an't like your Worship.

2d. Beg. Wretched poor People.

3d. Beg. Very hungry People.

Alph. And very Lousie. And what are you! *(to the Pilg.*

Old Pilg. Strangers, that come to wonder at your Charity; yet People poor enough to begg a Blessing.

Cur. Use 'em gently, Sir, they have a reverend Mien. You are Holy Pilgrims, are you not?

Old Pil. We are, Sir, and bound far off, to offer our Devotions.

Alph. What do you do here then; We have no Reliques, no Holy Shrines.

Old Pil. The Holiest we ever heard of: You keep a living Monument of Goodness; a Daughter of that Pious Excellence, the very Shrines of Saints sink at her Virtue. We come to see this Lady, not with Prophane Eyes, or wanton Blood, to doat upon her Beauty; but through our tedious way, to beg her Blessing.

Alp. This is a new way of Begging; these Commendations cry Money for Reward, good store too: Ah! the Sainting of this young Harlot will Cost me Dear.

[*to Pedro*] Well, Sir, have you got your Compliments ready too, and your empty Purse? Hah! what nothing but a bow, Modesty?

Cur. A handsome well look'd Man. *(aside*

Alph. What Country Craver are you? What! nothing but Motion? A Puppit Pilgrim.

Old Pil. He's a stranger, Sir, these four days I have travel'd in his Company; but little of his Business or his Language yet I have understood.

Seb. Both young and handsome; only the Sun has injur'd him.

Alph. Wou'd you have Money, Sir, or Meat, or a Wench? What kind of Blessing doe's your Devotion point at, Still more Ducking? Are there any Saints that understand by sign only? Hah, more Motion yet? This is the prettyest Pilgrim; the Pink of Pilgrims.

Cur. Fye, Sir, Fye; rather bestow your Charity then Jest upon him.

Alp. Say you so? Why then, look ye, Pilgrim; here's a poor *Numicum*, very good Gold, Sir, I'm Sorry 'tis not heavier. But since the lightest Grain of earthly Dross wou'd be a Burthen to a Heav'nly mind—I'll put it up again.

Curi

Cur. O horrible! you are too Irreverent.

Alp. You are a———Muſt I give my Money to every Rogue that carries a grave Look in's Face? Muſt my good Angels wait upon him? I'll find 'em other buſineſs.

Seb. But conſider, Sir, the Wrongs you do thoſe Men may light on you: Strangers are entitul'd to a ſofter Uſage.

Alph. Oon's, half the Kingdom will be ſtrangers ſhortly, if this young Slut's ſuffer'd to go on with her Prodigalities. But I muſt be an Aſs: Here, Sirrah, ſee 'em reliev'd for once; do't effectually too; d'ye hear? Burſt 'em, that I may never ſee 'em more. Were I young again, I'de ſooner get Bear-whelps than She-Saints. (*Exit.*

Cur. Such a Face as that, ſure I have ſeen.

Seb. I thought ſo too; but we muſt be miſtaken. (*Exit.*

Port. Come, will ye troop up, Porridge Regiment? Captain *Poor-Quarter*, will ye move?

Enter Alinda *and* Juletta.

Alin. Why are not theſe poor Wretches ſerv'd yet?

2 *Beg.* Bleſs our good Miſtriſs.

Port. They are too high-fed, Madam; their Stomachs are not awake yet.

Alin. Do you make ſport with their Miſeries? Sir, learn more Humanity, or I ſhall find a way to teach it you.

3 *Beg.* Kind Heaven preſerve her, and for ever bleſs her.

Alin. Bleſs the good end I mean it for. *Exit Beg.*

Jul. aſide. Wou'd I knew what that were; if it be for a Man, I'de ſay *Amen* with all my heart.

You have a very pretty Band of Penſioners, Madam.

Alin. Vain Glory wou'd ſeek more and handſomer;
But I appeal to Virtue what my end is.
What Men are theſe?

Julet. Holy Pilgrims they ſeem to be. What Pity 'tis that handſome young Fellow ſhou'd undergo ſo much Pennance: Wou'd I were the Saint he makes his Vow to; I'de ſoon grant his Requeſt, let him ask what he wou'd.

Alin. You are Pilgrims, Sirs, Is't not ſo?

Old Pil. We are, fair Saint; may Heaven's Grace ſurround you;
May all good Thoughts and Prayers dwell about you;
Abundance be your Friend, and Holy Charity be ever at your hand to Crown you Glorious.

Alin. I thank you, Sir; Peace guide your Travels too;
And what you wiſh for moſt, end all your troubles.
Remember me by this; (*Giving him Money*) and in
Your Prayers, when your ſtrong Heart melts,
Meditate my poor Fortunes.

Old Pil. All my Devotions wait upon your Service.

Alin. Are you of this Country, Sir?

Old Pil. Yes, worthieſt Lady, but far off bred: My Fortune's farther from me.

Alin. I am no Inquiſitor, whatever Vow or Pennance pulls you on, Sir, Conſcience, or Love, or ſtubborn Diſobedience; The Saint you Kneel too, hear and eaſe your Travels.

Old Pil. Yours ne'er begin; and thus I Seal my Prayers.

(*Exit.*

Alin. aſide. How ſteadfaſtly this Man looks upon me? How he Sighs? Some great Affliction ſure's the ſource of his Devotions.

To Ped. Right Holy Sir: He turns from us. Alas he weeps too: Something preſſes him he wou'd reveal, but dares not. Sir, be Comforted: If you want, to me you appear ſo worthy of Relief, I'll be your Steward. Speak and take. He's Dumb ſtill. This Man ſtirs me ſtrangely.

Jul. Wou'd he wou'd ſtir me a little; I like his ſhape well. (*Aſide.*

Alin. It may be he wou'd ſpeak to me alone; (*Aſide.*
Retire a little, *Juletta*; but d'ye hear, don't be far off.

Jul. I ſhan't, Madam: Wou'd I were nearer him: A young ſmug handſome Holyneſs has no fellow.

(*Aſide. Exit.*

Alin. Why do you grieve? Do you find your Pennance ſharp?
Are the Vows you have made, too mighty for you?
Or does the World allure you to look back, and make you mourn the ſofter Hours you have loſt? You are young, and ſeem as you were form'd for Manly Reſolution; Come, be Comforted:

Ped. I am, fair Angel: And ſuch a Comfort from your words I feel, that tho' Calamities, like angry Waves, curl round, contending proudly, who ſhall firſt devour me, yet I will ſtem their Danger.

Alin. He ſpeaks Nobly. (*Aſide.*) What do you want, Sir?

Ped. All that can make me happy: I want my ſelf.

Alind. Your ſelf! Who robb'd you, Pilgrim?
Why does he look ſo earneſtly upon me? I want my ſelf. (*Aſide.*
Indeed you Holy wanderers are ſaid to ſeek much,
But to ſeek your ſelves——

Ped. I ſeek my ſelf, and am but my ſelf's ſhadow, have loſt my ſelf, and now am not ſo Noble.

Alin. aſide. I ſeek my ſelf; ſure, ſomething I remember bears that Motto? It is not he; he' younger, has a ſmoother Face; yet for that *Self* ſake, Pilgrim, who ſo e're it be, take this.

Ped.

Ped. Your hand I dare take; that be far from me: Your hand I hold, and thus I kiſs it; and thus I bleſs it too. *Be conſtant ſtill: Be good:* And live to be a great Example.

(*Exit.*

Alin. One word more. He's gone: Heav'n! How I Tremble? *Be Conſtant ſtill*; 'tis the very Poeſie here; and here without, *Be Good.* He wept too, as he left me. It muſt be *Pedro*. *Juletta.*

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Madam.

Alin. Take this Key, and quickly fetch me the Jewel that lies in my little Cabinet. That will determine all, (*Exit* Julet.) It muſt be he: His Face was ſmoother when I ſaw him laſt; yet there's a Manly Look, and Noble Shape, ſtill ſpeak him *Pedro.*

Enter Juletta.

Alin. Let me ſee it: 'Tis ſo; 'Tis he; it muſt be he. He ſpoke the words juſt as they ſtand engraven here. *I ſeek my ſelf, and am but my ſelf's ſhadow.*
Poor *Pedro!* But how ſhall I recover him?
Juletta, the Pilgrim, where is he? which way did he go?

Jul. Alas, Madam, I don't know; it's in vain to ſeek him now.

Alin. I tell thee, I muſt ſee him; I gave him nothing.

Jul. That was ill done, indeed; for he's the handſomeſt Fellow I have ſeen this many a Day. What makes her look ſo thoughtful? Sure here's ſomething afoot more than ordinary.

Alin aſide. 'Tis enough. He has done much for me: I'll try what Recompence 'tis in my power to make him. (*Exit.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

Act II.

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, Seberto, Juletta *and Servants.*

Alph. CAn ſhe ſlip through a Key-hole? Tell me that; reſolve me; Can ſhe fly i'th Air? Is ſhe Inviſible? Gone, and no body knew it!

Seb. Pray, be more moderate.

Alph. Some Goatiſh Rogue has watcht her hour of Itching, and has claw'd her, claw'd her; the Dog has claw'd her. 'Oons find her out, or I'll hang ye all; you, Wagtail, you know her Deſigns, you were of her Council, (*to Julet*) her bawdy Adviſer; where is ſhe, Strumper?

Jul. You wou'd know of me, Sir.

Alph. Of you Sir? Yes of you Sir; why, what are you Sir?

Jul. Her Servant, Sir, her faithful Servant.

Alph. Servant? Her Bawd; her Fiddle-ſtick; her Lady Fairy, to oil the Doors o'nights, that they mayn't creek. Where is ſhe, Infamy?

Jul. 'Tis very well.

Alph. You Lie, 'tis ill, Damnable ill; and either confeſs, or ——

Jul. Indeed I won't.

Seb. Why?

Jul. Becauſe I can't; if I cou'd, I'd give another Reaſon.

Alph. Well ſaid; but I ſhall deal with you, you Slut you. What ſay you, Thick-ſkull, which way did ſhe get out? why were not my Doors ſhut?

(*to the Porter.*

Port. They were, a'nt Pleaſe you; nothing open but the Key-hole.

Alph. Where did ſhe lye? Who lay with her?

Port. Not I, an't pleaſe you; I lay with *Frederick* in the Flea-Chamber.

Alph. Once more, of thee I demand her; tell me News of her, or expect —— the Devil and all.

(*to Julet.*

Cur. Come *Juletta*, if you know any thing, tell him ——

Jul. Look ye, Sir, if I knew all, and had been intruſted by her, not all the Devils you cou'd call upon, ſhou'd ſcare one ſingle Hint from me. But, ſince I know nothing worth your knowing, I'll tell you what I do know. I know ſhe's gone, becauſe we can't find her. I know ſhe's gone cun-

cunningly, becauſe you can't find which way. I know ſhe was weary of your Tyranny, becauſe the Devil wou'd have been ſo too: And I know, if ſhe's wiſe, ſhe'll never come again —

Alph. Out of my Doors.

Ful. That's all my poor Petition. For were your houſe Gold, and ſhe not in't, I ſhou'd think it but a Cage to whiſtle in.

Alph. Whore; if ſhe be above ground, I'll have her ———

Ful. I'd live in a Colepit then, if I were ſhe.

Cur. Indeed, Sir, I fancy ſhe knows nothing of her Flight; you know her mad way of talking.

Alph. Hang her, hang her, ſhe knows too much.

Enter Servant drunk.

Well Raſcal, have you any News of her?

Serv. N. — N. —— Not a Drop Sir. The Butler gave me the Key of the Cellar, to ſearch the Cellar, Sir; ſo I have been ſearching the Cellar.

Alph. Here's a Dog for you.

Serv. I ſearcht every Hogſhead, Sir, and open'd ſome Bottles, but cou'd not find a ſpoonful of her.

Alph. You Raſcal, get you out of my reach, or I'll be thy Murderer.

Enter another Servant that ſtammers.

Serv. S, S, S, S, Sir.

Alph. Well, what News? Be quick:

Serv. My yo, yo, yo, yo, young La-Lady is gone ———

Alph I know ſhe's gone, you Dog, but where?

Serv. Out at the P ———

Alph. Out with't, you Son of a Whore ———

Serv. The Po, ho, ho, ho, ho, hoſiers Gate of the Ga, ha, ha, ha, ha ———

Alph. This Dog will make me mad; but one ſtammering Rogue in the Family, and it muſt fall to his ſhare to give me an account of her. The Wind's in the *Eaſt* too; The Dog won't get it out this Hour. Where was it, Sirrah, where was it?

Serv. The Ga arden Sir, the Ga-arden.

Alph. The Garden, Sir, the Garden; was it ſo?
And how do you know ſhe got out at the Garden, ha?

Serv. I ſ— ſ— ſaw, an't p, p, p, p, p-leaſe you, the P—— Print of her ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo, Foot.

Alph. Right, a Foot, a little Foot, a young Whore's Foot?

Serv.

Serv. Ye, Yes Sir.

Alph. And from thence ſcrambled over the Wall into the Park, and ſo to the Devil?

Serv. So I ſup,-p,-poſe, Sir.

Alph. 'Tis very well, ye Stars, 'tis very well: This comes of Indulgence, I muſt needs allow her the Key of the Garden, to walk on Faſt-days, and Contemplate with a Pox: But I'll fetch her again, with a Fire-brand at her Tail. My Horſes there ——

Seb. } You'll give us Leave to wait upon you.?
Cnr. }

Alph. That you may if you pleaſe. My Horſe there; diſpatch. Are you ſo Hot, I Faith? I'll Cool you, Miſtriſs; Muſt you be jumping Joan? If I catch you again, I'll clap ſuch a Clogg about your Neck, you ſhall leap no more Walls I'll warrant you; I'll hang *Roderigo* there, I'ſaith. My Horſes, quick; and d'ye hear, keep me this young Lirry Poop within doors, faſt; I ſhall diſcover Dame ——

(*Exit* Alph. *&c.*

Jul. Indeed you won't Sir.

Aſide. Well, Love, if thou be'ſt with her; or whatever Power elſe arms her Reſolution, conduct her carefully, and keep her from this Madman — Direct her to her Wiſhes; dwell about her; let no diſhonourable End o'retake her, Danger or Want; and let me try my Fortune——

Enter Roderigo *and four Out-Laws.*

1*ſt Out.* You are not merry Captain.

Rod. Why, we get nothing, we have no ſport; Whoring and Drinking ſpoils us; we keep no Guard.

2*d Out.* I'm ſure there's neither Merchant nor Gentleman paſſes, but we have Tribute.

Rod. Yes, and while we ſpend that idly, we let thoſe paſs that carry the beſt Booty: I'll have all ſearcht and brought in. Rogues and Beggars have found the Trick of late to become Bankers. In ſhort, Gentlemen, I'll have none Eſcape but my Friends and Neighbours, who may be uſeful in laying my Innocence before the King: All others ſhall pay their Paſsport.

2*d Out.* You now ſpeak like a Captain; if we ſpare any, flea us, and Coin our Caſſocks.

Rod. You hear of no Preparations the King intends againſt us?

3*d Out.* Not a Word; Don't we ſee his Garriſons?

Rod. Who have we out now?

2*d Out.* Good fellows, that, if there be any Purchaſe ſtirring, won't ſlip it; *Jaques* and *Lopez*, Lads that know their Buſineſs,

Rod.

Rod. Where's the Boy you brought in e'n now? he's a pretty Lad, and of a quick Capacity ——

1 *Out.* He's within at Meat, Sir; the poor Knave's hungry; yet he ſeaſons all he eats or drinks, with Tears.

2 *Out.* He's young; 'tis Fear and want of Company.

Rod. Don't uſe him roughly, and he'll ſoon grow bolder. I intend to keep him to wait upon me; I like the Boy, there's ſomething in his Face pleaſes me ſtrangely: Be ſure you all uſe him gently.

1 *Out.* Here's a little Box, Sir, we took about him, which almoſt broke his Heart to part with; I fancy there's ſomething of Value in't; I can't open it.

Rod. Alas! ſome little Money, I warrant you, the poor Knave carry'd to defray his Charge: I'll give it him again.

Enter Jaques, Lopez, *with* Pedro.

How now! Who's this? What have you brought me here, Soldiers?

Jaqu. Why Truly we don't well know; only he's a damn'd ſullen fellow.

Rod. Where did you take him?

Lop. Upon the skirt of the Wood, ſauntring and peeping about, as if he were looking for the beſt Acceſs to our Quarters: Money he had enough, and when we threatned him, he ſmil'd and yeilded, but wou'd not ſpeak one word.

Rod. Pilgrim, come hither; are you a Pilgrim, Sir? A Piece of pretty Holineſs; do you ſhrink, my Maſter? A ſmug young Saint this. What Country were you born in, I pray? What, not a Word? had your Mother this excellent Virtue too? Sure, ſhe was a Matchleſs Woman: What a bleſſed Family is this Fellow ſprung from! ſure he was begot in a Calm. Are your Lips Sealed, or do you ſcorn to Anſwer? Look you, Sir, you are in my Hands, and I ſhall be too hard for you: Put off his Bonnet, Soldiers. You have a ſpeaking Face, Sir.

Lop. A Handſome one, I'm ſure; this Pilgrim can't want She-Saints to pray to.

Rod. Stand nearer: Ha?

Ped. Come, do your worſt; I am ready.

Rod. Have you found your Tongue then? Retire all, and let me talk with him alone; and keep your Guards ſtrict. (*Ex. all but* Rod. *and* Ped. So, now, what art thou?

Ped. What am I? My habit ſhews me what I am.

Rod. A Deſperate Fool; and ſo thy fate ſhall tell thee. What Devil brought thee hither? For I know thee.

Ped. I know thou doſt; and ſince it is my Fortune to light into thy

hands, I muſt conclude, the moſt malicious of Devils brought me; yet ſome Men ſay thou art Noble———

Rod. Not to thee; that were a benefit to mock the giver. Thy Father hates my Friends and Family; and thou haſt been the Heir of all his Malice; can two ſuch Storms then meet, and part without Kiſſing?

Ped. You have the mightier hand.

Rod. And ſo I'll uſe it.

Ped. I cannot hinder you; leſs can I begg ſubmiſſive at his knees that knows no Honour, that bears the ſtamp of Man, and not his Nature. You may do what you pleaſe.

Rod. I will do all.

Ped. I do expect thou wilt; for had'ſt thou been a Noble Enemy, thou wou'dſt have ſought me whilſt I carried Arms, whilſt my good Sword was my Profeſſion, and then have cri'd out, *Pedro*, I defy thee; then ſtuck *Alphanſo's* Quarrel on thy point; the mercenary anger thou ſerv'ſt under, to get his Daughter. But now, thou poorly, baſely, ſetteſt thy Toils to catch me, and like the trembling Peaſant, that dares not meet the Lion in the face, dig'ſt crafty Pitfalls. Thou ſhame to Spaniſh Honour.

Rod. Thy bravery is to thy Habit due: That Holy dreſs thou think'ſt will be thy ſanctuary; thou wilt not find it ſo.

Ped I Look not for't; The more unhallow'd Wretch however art thou t'invade it.

Rod. When you were braveſt, Sir, and your Sword ſharpeſt, I durſt affront you, you know I durſt; when the Court Sun guilded you, and every Cry was, The young hopeful *Pedro*, *Alonſo's* ſprightly Son, then I durſt meet you, when you were Maſter of this mighty Fame, and all your Glories in the full Meridian. Had we then come to Competition, which I often ſought———

Ped. And I deſir'd too.

Rod. You ſhoud have ſeen this Sword and felt it too, ſharper than Sorrow felt it. Then like a Gentleman I wou'd have us'd thee, and given thee the fair Fortue of thy caſt: But ſince thou ſteal'ſt upon me like a Spye, and Theif-like think'ſt that Holy Caſe ſhall ſave thee, baſe as thy Purpoſes thy end ſhall be. Soldiers, appear, and bring a halter with ye. I'll forgive your Holy Habit, Sir, but I'll hang you.

Enter Lopez, Jaques *and* Out Laws.

1. *Out.* Here's a Halter, noble Captain, what ſervice have you ſort?

Rod. That Traytor has Service for't. Truſs him up.

1. *Out.* With all my heart; d'ye want a band, Sir? I'll fit it to your Collar immediatly.

Lope.

Lop. What's his fault, Captain?

Rod. Tis my will, he perriſh; that's his fault.

Ped. A Captain of good Government: Come, Soldiers, come, you are roughly bred, and Bloody; ſhew your Obedience, and the Joy you have, in executing Impious Commands. You have a Captain Seals you liberal Pardons: Be no more Chriſtians, 'tis not in your way, put Religion by, 'twill make you Cowards. Feel no Tenderneſs; nor let a thing call'd Conſcience trouble you; alaſs! 'twill breed delay. Bear no Reſpect to what I ſeem; were I a Saint indeed, why ſhou'd that ſtagger ye? You know no Holineſs; to be excellent in Evil is your Goodneſs; and be ſo, 'twill become you; have no Hearts for fear you ſhou'd repent, for Repentance will be dangerous.

Rod. Truſs up the Preacher.

Ped. The Racks of Conſcience are of dire Importance. Be therefore ſteady in your Miſchiefs; waver not.

Rod. Up with him, I ſay.

Ped. Why do you not obey your Chief? Come, this one daring ſtroak at Heav'n, will make ye hard'ned Soldiers of Iniquity.

Rod. What do the Villains gaze at? Why am I not obeyed?

Jaq. What would you have us do?

Rod. Diſpatch the Babler——

Jaq. And have Religious Bloud hang o're our Heads? We have ſins enough already, to make our Graves loath us.

Rod. I ſhall not be obey'd then?

Lop. Obey'd? I don't know; tho' I am a Thief, I'm no Hangman: They are two Trades; I don't care to meddle with Holy Blood.

Rod. Holy, or Unholy, I'll have it done.

1 *Out.* If I do't, I'll be Damn'd.

2 *Out.* Or I.

3 *Out.* Or I. We'll do any thing that's reaſonable; but the Devil wou'd flinch at ſuch a Job.

Jaq. I have done as many Villanies as another; and tho' I ſay't, with as few Qualms: But I don't like this, it goes againſt my Stomack.

Rod. Have ye then conſpir'd, ye Slaves?

Ped. Why art thou ſo diſturb'd at their Refuſal; if 'tis my Life alone thou want'ſt, why with thy own curſt hand doſt thou not take it? Thine's the Revenge; Be thine the Glory: Engroſs it to thy ſelf, take the whole in upon thee, and be Mighty in Evil, as thou art in Anger. And let not thoſe poor wretches howl for thy ſake.

Rod. 'Tis enough; I'll make ye all repent this ſtubborneſs; nor will I yet be baffled, I'll find another means to have my Will obeyed. Let him not ſcape, I charge ye, on your Lives. (*Exit* Rod.

Jaq. What the Devil have you done Pilgrim, to make him rave and rage thus? Have you kill'd his Father, or his Mother, or ſtrangled any of his Kindred?

Lop. Or has he no Siſters? Han't you been Bouncing about them?

1 *Out.* O' my Conſcience his Quarrel to thee is not for being Holier than he.

Lop. Nor for ſeeming an Honeſter Man; for we have no Trading here with ſuch ſtuff. To be excellent Thieves is all we aim at. Hark thee, Pilgrim; wilt thou take a Spit and a Stride, and try if thou canſt out-run us?

Ped. No, I ſcorn to ſhift his Fury.

Jaq. Thou wilt be hang'd then.

Ped. I cannot dye with fewer faults about me.

1 *Out.* I fancy he'll ſhoot him; for the Devil's in't if he hang him himſelf.

Lop. No, he's too proud for that; he'll make ſome body do't: See, here he comes again, and as full of Rage as ever.

1 *Out.* He has got the Boy with him; ſure he won't make him do't.

Lop. As like as not.

Enter Roderigo *and* Alinda.

Rod. Come, Sirrah, no wonders. Nay, don't Stare, nor hang back; do't, or I'll hang you, you young Dog———

Alin. Alas, Sir, What wou'd you have me do? Heaven's Goodneſs ſhield me.

Rod. Do? Why, hang a Rogue that wou'd hang me.

Alin. I'm a Boy, and weak, Sir; pray excuſe me.

Rod. Thou art ſtrong enough to tye him to a Bough, and turn him off. Come, be quick.

Alin. For Heav'ns ſake, Sir.

Rod. Do ye diſpute, Sirrah?

Alin. O, no, Sir; I'll do the beſt I can. Which is the Man, Sir?

Rod. That in the Pilgrim's Coat there; that Devil in the Saint's Skin.

Alin. Guard me, ye Powers.

Rod. Come, Diſpatch.

Ped. I wait thy worſt.

Jaq. to Lop. Will the Boy do it? Is the Rogue ſo bold? So young, ſo deep in Blood!

Lop. He ſhakes and trembles.

Ped. Doſt thou ſeek more Coals ſtill to fear thy Conſcience? Work Sacred Innocence to be a Devil? Do it thy ſelf, for ſhame: Thou beſt becomeſt it.

Rod. Thou art not worthy on't. No, this Child ſhall ſtrangle thee. A Crying Girl, if ſhe were here, ſhould Maſter thee.

Alin. How ſhall I Save him? How my ſelf from Violence? Are you prepar'd to dye, Sir?

Ped.

Ped. Yes, Boy; Prethee to thy Buſineſs.

Jaq. The young Dog begins to look as if he wou'd do't in earneſt.

Alin. If y'are prepar'd, How can you be ſo angry, ſo perplext'd? Heaven's won by Patience, not by Heat and Paſſion.

Lop. The Baſtard will make a good Prieſt.

Ped. I thank thee, gentle Child, thou teacheſt rightly.

Alin. Methinks you ſeem to fear too.

Ped. Thou ſee'ſt more than I feel, Boy.

Alin. You tremble ſure.

Ped. No, Boy, 'tis but thy tenderneſs; prithee make haſte.

Alin. Are ye ſo willing then to go?

Ped. Moſt willing. I wou'd not borrow from his Bounty, one poor hour of Life, to gain an Age of Glory.

Alin. And is your Reckoning ſtated right with Heav'n?

Pedro. As right as Truth, Boy; I cou'd not go more joyful to a Wedding.

Alin. Then to your Prayers! I'll diſpatch you preſently.

Rod. A good Boy; I'll reward thee well.

Alin. I thank you, Sir; but pray allow me a ſhort word in private. Now guide my Tongue, ye bleſſed Saints above. (*Aſide.*

Rod. What wou'dſt thou have, Child?

Alin. Muſt this Man Dye?

Rod. Why doſt thou ask that Queſtion?

Alin. Pray be not angry; if he muſt, I'll do it: But muſt he now?

Rod. What elſe; Who dares reprieve him?

Alin. Pray think again; and as the Injuries are great this Man has done you, ſo ſuit your Vengeance to 'em.

Rod. I do; 'tis therefore he muſt dye——

Alin. A Trifle.

Rod. What is a Trifle?

Alin. Death, if he dye now.

Rod. Why, my beſt Boy?

Alin. I love you, Sir, I wou'd not tell you elſe. Is it Revenge to Saint your Enemy; Clap the Dove's, Wings of Downy Peace upon him, and let him ſoar to Heaven, is this Revenge?

Rod. Yet die he muſt.

Alin. Right. Let him die, but not prepar'd to die. That were the Bleſſing of a Father on him; and all who know and love Revenge wou'd laugh at you. You ſee, thus fortified, he ſcorns your Threats, deſpiſes all your Tortures; ſmiles to behold your Rage; ſo blind your View, that while you aim his hated Soul to Hell, you ſhoot it up to Heav'n. Shall he die now?

Lop. What has the Boy done to him?

Jaq. How thoughtfully he looks?

Alin.

Alin. Come, Sir, you are wiſe, and have the World's regard; you are valiant too, and ſee your Valour honour'd. 'Twill be a Stain to both, indeed it will, to have it ſaid, you have given your Fury leave to prey on a poor paſſive wayward Pilgrim ——

Rod. The Boy has ſhaken me: What wou'dſt thou have me do?

Alin. Alas Sir, do you ask a Child? But ſince you do, I'll ſay the beſt I know. I'd have you then do bravely, ſcorn him, and let him go. You have made him tremble, now ſeal his Pardon; and when he appears a Subject fit for Anger, fit for you, his pious Armour off, his hopes no higher than your Sword may reach, then ſtrike the noble Blow. (*aſide* I hope I have turn'd him.

Rod. Here; Let the Fool go. I ſcorn his Life too much to take it from him. But if we meet again ——

Ped. I thank ye, Sir.

Rod. No more: Be gone.

Exit Pedro.

Alin. Why this was greatly done, moſt noble. (*aſide*
But whether is he gone! O, ſhall we never meet happy?

Rod. Come, Boy, thou ſhalt retire with me; I love thy Company: Thou haſt a pleaſing Tongue; come with me, Child.

Alin. I'll wait upon ye, Sir. (*aſide*) O! *Pedro.*

Ex. Rod. Alin.

Lop. The Boy has don't; he has ſav'd the Pilgrim.
A Cunning young Rogue, I ſhall love him for't heartily.

Jaq. And ſo ſhall I. But the Knave's ſo good, I'm afraid he'l ruine us, he'll make us all honeſt.

1 *Out.* Marry Heav'n forbid.

2 *Out.* He'll find that a harder Task, than to ſave the Pilgrim.

Lop. That I believe: But come, Gentlemen, let's to Supper; we'll Drink the Boy's Health, and ſo about our buſineſs.

Exeunt.

The End of the Second Act.

Act

Act III.

Enter Roderigo, Jaques, Lopez, *and three Out-Laws.*

Rod. 'Tis ſtrange none of you ſhoud know her.

Jaq. Alas! we never ſaw her, nor heard of her, but from you.

Lop. I don't think 'twas ſhe; Methinks a Woman ſhoud not dare ——

Rod. Thou ſpeak'ſt thou know'ſt not what: What dares not Woman, when ſhe is provok'd? Or what ſeems dangerous to Love and Fury? That it is ſhe, Theſe Jewels here confirm me, for part of 'em I my ſelf ſent her, which (tho' againſt her Will) her Father forc'd her to accept and wear.

Lop. 'Tis very ſtrange, a Wench and we not know it, I us'd to have a better Noſe.

Jaq. But what could be her buſineſs here?

Rod. That's what diſtracts me. O! that canting Pilgrim, that Villain *Pedro*; there lies my Torture. How cunningly ſhe pleaded for him? How Artfully ſhe ſav'd him? Death and Torments, had ye been true to me, I nee'r had ſuffer'd this.

1 *Out.* Why, you might have hang'd him if you wou'd; and wou'd he had been hang'd, that's all we care for't, ſo we had not don't —

Rod. But where is ſhe now? What care have ye had of that? Why have ye let her go, to deſpiſe and laugh at me?

Lop. The Devil that brought her hither, has carried her back again, I think; for none of us ſaw her go.

Jaq. No living thing came this Night through our Watches. You know ſhe went with you.

Rod. And was by me, 'till I fell aſleep. But when I wak'd and cal'd was gone. Curſe on my Dulneſs, why did I not open this? This wou'd have told me all.

Enter Alphanſo *and two Out-Laws.*

Alph. Prethee bring me to thy Captain, where's thy Captain, Fellow? Oh, I am founder'd, I am melted; ſome Fairy has led me about all Night; the Devil has entic'd me with the voice of a Whore. Where's thy Captain, Fellow?

1 *Out.* Here Sir, there he ſtands.

Alp. O! Captain, how doſt thou, Captain? I have been fool'd, bubbled, made an Aſs on: My Daughter's run away; I have been haunted too; have loſt my Horſe, am ſtarved for want of Meat, and out of my Wits.

Rod. I'm ſorry, Sir, to ſee you engag'd in ſo many Misfortune's; But pray

pray walk in, refresh your self, and I'll inform you what has hapned here; but I'll recover your Daughter, or lose my Life: In the mean time all these shall wait upon you.

Alph. My Daughter be damn'd. Order me Drink enough; I'm almost Choak'd. (*Ex. Alp. Rod.*

Rod. You shall have any thing. What think you now Soldiers?

Jaq. I think, a Woman's a Woman; that's all.

Lop. And I think the next Boy we take, we shou'd search him a little nearer. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Juletta Sola, *in Boys Cloaths.*

Jul. This is *Roderigo's* Quarter; my old Master's gone in here, and I'll be with him soon; I'll startle him a little better than I have done. All this long Night have I led him out of the way, to try his Patience. I have made him Swear and Curse, and Pray, and Curse again: I have made him lose his Horse too, whistled him through thick and thin. Down in a Ditch I had him; there he lay blaspheming, till I called him out to guide his Nose pop into a Fuz bush. Ten thousand Tricks I have play'd him, and ten thousand will add to them before I have done with him. I'll teach him to plague poor Women. But all this while, I can't meet with my dear Mistriss. I'm cruelly afraid she shou'd be in Distress; wou'd to kind Heav'n I cou'd come to comfort her: But, till I do, I'll haunt thy Ghost, *Alphonso*; I will, old Crab-Tree. He shan't sleep; I'll get a Drum for him, I'll frighten him out of his wits; I have such a Hurricane in my head, I have almost lost my own allready; and I'm resolv'd I won't be mad alone. When a Woman sets upon playing the Devil, 'twere ashame she shou'd not do't to the purpose. (*Exit.*

Enter Seberto *and* Curio.

Seb. 'Tis strange, in all the Tour we have made, we shou'd have no news at all of her.

Cur. I Can't think she's got so far.

Seb. She's certainly disguis'd; her Modesty wou'd never venture in her own Shape.

Cur. Let her take any Shape, I'm sure I cou'd distinguish her.

Seb. So cou'd I, I think. Has not her Father found her?

Cur. Not he, he's so wild, he wou'd not know her if he met her.

Seb. I hope he wou'd not; for 'tis pity she shou'd fall into his hands. But where are we, *Curio?*

Cur. In a Wood, I think; hang me if I know else: And yet I have ridden all these Coasts, and at all hours.

Seb. I wish we had a Guide.

Cur. If I am not much mistaken, *Seberto*, we are not far from *Roderigo's* Quarters. I think 'tis in this Thicket he and his Out-Laws harbour.

Seb. Then we are where *Alphonso* appointed to meet us.

Cur

Curi. I believe we are, wou'd we cou'd meet ſome living thing to inform us.

Seb. What's that there? [*Enter* Alinda.

Curi. A Boy, I think; ſtay, Why may not he direct us?

Alin. I am hungry, and I am weary, almoſt quite ſpent, yet cannot find him; keep me in my Wits, good Heav'n! I feel 'em wavering. O my Head.

Seb. Hey Boy, doſt hear, thou ſtripling!

Alin. O my fears, ſome of *Roderigo*'s wicked Crew. If I am carried back to him, I then indeed am wretched.

Curi. Doſt know what place this is, Child?

Alin. No indeed, Sir, not I. O my Bones!

Seb. What doſt thou complain for, Boy? A very pretty Lad this.

Curi. What's the matter with thee, Child?

Alin. Alas, Sir! I was going to *Segòvia*, to ſee my ſick Mother, and here I have been taken, robb'd, and beaten by drunken Thieves. O my back.

Seb. What Rogues are theſe to uſe a poor Boy thus! Look up Child, be of good cheer, hold up thy head.

Alin. O, I cannot, it hurts me if I do; they have given me a great blow on the Neck.

Curi. What Thieves are they, doſt know?

Alin. They call the Captain *Roderigo*. O Dear, O Dear.

Curi. Look you there; I knew we were thereabouts.

Seb. Doſt thou want any thing?

Alin. Nothing but eaſe, Sir.

Curi. There's ſome Mony for thee however, and get thee to thy Mother.

Alin. I thank ye Gentlemen, pray Heaven bleſs ye.

Seb. Come let's along, we can't loſe our way now. [*Exit.*

Alin. I'm glad you are gone, Gentlemen; I know you are honeſt men, but I don't know whether you are on my ſide upon this occaſion; Lord how I tremble, ſend me but once into *Pedro*'s Arms, Dear Fortune, and then come what will—Which way ſhall I go, or what ſhall I do? 'tis almoſt Night again, and I know not where to get either Meat or Lodging. Theſe wild Woods, and the various fancies that poſſeſs my Brain will run me Mad. Hey ho. [*Enter* Juletta *with a Drum.*

Jule. Boy, Boy. *Alin.* More ſet to take me.

Jule. Doſt hear, Boy? a word with thee.

Alin. 'Tis a Boy too, and no bigger than I am, I can deal with him.

Jule. Hark ye young Man; Can you beat a Drum?

Alin. A Drum!

Jule. A Drum! Ay, a Drum; didſt never ſee a Drum, mun? Prithee try if thou canſt make it grumble.

Alin. (*Aſide.*) *Juletta's* Face and Tongue; is ſhe run mad too? Or is thereſome deſign in this? I'm Jealous of every thing.

Jule. I'll give thee a Royal, but to go along with me to Night, and hurry durry this a little.

Alin. I care not for your Royal nor you neither, I have other buſineſs, prithee Drum to thy ſelf and Dance to't.

Jule. Why how now, you ſaucy young Dog you! I have a good mind to lay down my Drum, and take ye a ſlap o're the Face.

Enter Roderigo *and two Out-Laws.*

Alin. Hark; here comes more company, I ſhall be taken at laſt. Heaven ſhield me! [*Exit.*

Jule. Baſto; who's there? [*Aſide.*

Lope. Do you need me any farther, Captain?

Rod. No, not a foot: Give me the Gown: ſo: the Sword.

Jule. This is the Devil Thief; and if he take me, woe be to my Gaskins.

Lope. Certainly Sir, ſhe'll take her Patches off, and change her Habit.

Rod. Let her do what ſhe will, ſhe can't again deceive me. No, no, *Alinda*, 'tis not the Habit of a Boy can twice delude me.

Jule. A Boy, and Patches on, what a dull Jade have I been! [*Aſide.*

Rod. If ſhe be found i'th' Woods, ſend me word preſently, and I'll return; ſhe can't be yet got far. If you don't find her, expect me——when you ſee me. No more, farewel. [*Exit.*

Jule. I'm very glad thou art gone. This Boy in Patches was the Boy I talkt to; the very ſame, how haſtily it ſhifted me! what a mop-ey'd Aſs was I, I cou'd not know her. It muſt be ſhe; 'tis ſhe: now I remember her, how loath ſhe was to talk: how ſhy ſhe was of me. I'll follow her, but who ſhall plague her Father there? No, I muſt not quit him yet: I muſt have one flurt more at him, and then for the Voyage. Come, Drum, make ready. Thou muſt do me Service. [*Exit.*

Enter Jaques, *and one Out-Law.*

Jaq. Are they all ſet? *Out.* All, and each quarter's quiet.

Jaq. Is old *Alphonſo* a-ſleep? *Out.* An hour ago.

Jaq. We muſt be very careful in our Captain's abſence.

Out. It concerns us, he won't be long from us. Hark——[*Drum afar off.*

Jaq. What! *Out.* A Drum.

Jaq. The Devil. *Out.* 'Tis not the wind, ſure.

Jaq. No: that's Still and Calm. Hark again. *Out.* Tat, Tat.

Jaq. It comes nearer: we are ſurpriz'd; 'tis by the King's Command; we are all Dead men.

Out. Hark, hark, a Charge now. Our Captain has betray'd us all.

Jaq. This comes of Love: Poverty, a ſcolding Wife, and ten Daughters be his recompence. [*Enter* Lopez.

Lop. D'ye hear the Drum? *Jaq.* Yes, we do hear it.

1 *Out.* Hark, another on that ſide. [*Enter two* Out-Laws.

1 *Out.* Fly, fly, fly, we are all taken, we are all taken.

2 *Out.* A Thouſand Horſe and Foot, a Thouſand Priſoners, and every Man a Halter by his ſide.

Lop. A diſmal Night, Companions! what's to be done?

Jaq. Every Man ſhift for himſelf. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Alphonſo.

Alph. Ay marry Sir, where's my Horſe now? what a Plague did I do amongſt theſe Rogues? is there ne're a hole to creep into? I ſhall be taken for their Captain, and out of reſpect to my Poſt, be hang'd up firſt. A Pox of all Ceremonies, cry I; what will become of me! I muſt be a Daughter-hunting, with a Pox to me: Lord! Lord! that a fooliſh young Whore

Whore ſhou'd lead a wiſe old Rogue into ſo much miſchief. But hark: hark, I ſay: ay; here they come. That I had but the Strumpet here now, to find 'em a little Play while I made my eſcape.

Enter Seberto, Curio, *and* Out-Laws.

Seb. What do you fear? what do you run from? Here are no Souldiers, no Body from the King to Attack you, are you all mad?

1 *Out.* Ay, but the Drum, the Drum Sir, did not you hear the Drum?

Curi. I never ſaw ſuch Pidgeon-hearted Rogues: what Drum, you Fools? What Danger? who's that ſtands ſhaking there behind, enough to infect a whole Army with Cowardiſe. Mercy on me, Sir, is't you? what is't that frights you thus?

Alph. Is there any hopes; do ye think I cou'd buy my Pardon?

Seb. What is't that has frighted you thus out of your Senſes? here's no danger near you: A Drum I heard indeed, and ſaw it, a Boy was beating it; Hunting Squirrils by Moon-Light.

Curi. Nothing elſe, upon my Word, Sir.

Alph. That Rogue, the very Boy, no doubt on't, that haunted me all laſt Night. I wiſh I had him, he has plagued my heart out. But come, let's go in, and let me get on my Cloaths; if I ſtay here any longer to be Martyr'd thus, I'll beget another Daughter. Where is that Jewel? Have you met her yet?

Seb. No; we have no news of her.

Alph. Then I can tell you ſome, ſhe has been here in Boys Cloaths, ſhe has truſt up her Modeſty in a Pair of Breeches. There has been a Pilgrim at her Tail too. I ſuppoſe the Game's almoſt up by this time.

Curi. A young Boy we met, Sir.

Alph. In a Gray-Hat. *Curi.* In a Gray-Hat.

Alph. Patches on. *Curi.* Patches on.

Alph. The Strumpet. *Curi.* Impoſſible.

Alph. True —— in the Litteral Senſe.

Seb. 'Tis wonderful we ſhou'd not know her.

Alph. Dam her, that's all. Come get me ſome Wine, a great deal: This Halter makes me kekkle in the Throat ſtill. [*Exit.*

Enter Juletta ſola.

What a fright have I put 'em in! a brave hurly burly; I' faith, if this do but bolt him, I'll be with him again, with a new part. I'll ferk him; as he hunts her, I'll hunt him, no Fox with a kennel of Hounds at his Tail, ever had ſuch a time on't. [*Exit.*

SCENE *Segovia.*

Enter Pedro *and a Gentleman.*

Gent. You need make no Apology Sir, I take a Pleaſure in waiting upon Srangers, and ſhewing 'em what's worth their ſeeing in our City. Beſides I obſerve you are ſad, I wou'd divert your melancholy if I cou'd. Will ye view our Caſtle?

Ped. I thank ye, Sir, but I've already ſeen it; 'tis ſtrong and well provided.

Gent. How do you like the Walks?

Ped. They are very pleaſant; your Town ſtands cool and ſweet.

Gent. But that I wou'd not add to your ſadneſs —— I cou'd ſhew you a place were worth your view.

Ped. Shews ſeldom alter me, Sir, pray what place is't?

Gen. 'Tis a Houſe here, where People of all ſorts, that have been viſited with Lunacies, and Follies, wait their Cures. There's fancies of a thouſand ſtamps and faſhions: Some of Pity, that it wou'd make you melt to ſee their Paſſions: And ſome again as light that wou'd divert you. But I ſee your temper, Sir, too much inclin'd to Contemplation to have a taſte of ſuch Diverſions.

Ped. You miſtake me, Sir, I ſhou'd be glad to ſee 'em; if you pleaſe, I'll wait upon you thither.

Gent. Since you are willing Sir, I ſhall be proud to be your guide.

Ped. I never yet had ſo much mind to take a view of miſery. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Keepers.

1 *Keep.* Carry mad *Beſs* ſome Meat, ſhe roars like Thunder. And tye the Parſon ſhort; the Moon's i'th' full, he has a thouſand Pigs in's Brain. Who looks to the Prentice? Keep him from Women, he thinks he has loſt his Miſtreſs: And talk of no Silk Stuffs; 'twill run him Horn mad.

2 *Keep.* The Juſtice keeps ſuch a ſtir yonder with his Charges, and ſuch a coil with his Warrants.

1 *Keep.* Take away his Statutes; the Devil has poſſeſt him in the likeneſs of Penal Laws; keep him from *Aqua-vitæ*, for if that Spirit creep into his Quorum, he'l commit us all. How is't with the Scholar?

2 *Keep.* For any thing I ſee he is in's right Wits.

1 *Keep.* Thou art an Aſs; his Head's too full of other Peoples Wits, to leave room for his own. [*Enter Engliſh Madman.*

Engl. Give me ſome Drink.

1 *Keep.* O ho, here's the Engliſh Man.

Engl. Fill me a thouſand Pots, and froth 'em, froth 'em; down o' your knees, you Rogues, and pledge me roundly; one, two, three —— and four. To the great Turk, I'm his Friend, and will prefer him, he ſhall quit his Crown——and be a Tapſter.

1 *Keep.* Peace, thou heatheniſh Drunkard, Peace for ſhame. Theſe *Engliſh* are ſo Malt-mad, there's no medling with them; when they have a Fruitful Year of Barly there, the whole Iſland's thus.

Engl. Who talks of Barly? my Drink's ſmall; down with the Malt-Tax. Huzza.

1 *Keep.* Hold your Tongue, you Bear you, or I ſhall ſo Chaſtiſe ye——

Eng. Who's that? An Exciſe man? The Devil [*Enter a ſhe Fool.*

Fool. God give you good Even, Gaffer.

2. *Keep.* Who has let the Fool looſe here?

1 *Keep.* If any of the Madmen get her, they'l Pepper her, they'l Bounce her, I' Faith.

Fool. Will you walk into the Cole-houſe, Gaffer?

2 *Keep.* She's as Leacherous as a ſhe Ferret.

1 *Keep.* Who a Vengeance looks to her? Go in *Kate*, go in, and I'll give thee a fine Apple.

Fool. Will you buſs me, and tickle me, and make me Laugh?

1 *Keep.*

1 *Keep.* I'l whip you, Huſſy.

Engl. Fool, fool, come up to me, fool.

Fool. Are ye peeping? *Engl.* I'll get thee with five Fools.

Fool. O fine, O Dainty.

Engl. And thou ſhalt lie in a Horſe-cloath like a Lady.

Fool. And ſhall I have a Coach?

Engl. Drawn with four Turkeys, and they ſhall tread thee too.

Fool. We ſhall have Eggs then; and ſhall I ſit upon 'em?

Engl. Ay, Ay, and they ſhall be all Addle, and make a Tanzey for the Devil. Come, come away; I am taken with thy Love, Fool, and will mightily belabour thee.

1 *Keep.* How the Slut Bridles! How ſhe twitters at him! Theſe *Engliſh* men would ſtagger a wiſe Woman. If we ſhould ſuffer her to have her will now, we ſhould have all the Women in *Spain* as mad as ſhe here.

2 *Keep.* They'd ſtrive who ſhou'd be moſt fool: Away with her.

Fool. Pray ye ſtay a little, let's hear him ſing: He has a fine Breaſt.

Enter Maſter, *three* Gentlemen, Pedro, *a mad* Scholar.

1 *Keep.* Here comes my Maſter: to the Spit, you whore; and ſtir no more abroad, but tend your buſineſs, you ſhall have no more ſops i'th' pan elſe. Away with 'em both. [*Exit* Keep. *with the Madman and fool.*

1 *Gen.* I'll aſſure you Sir, the Cardinal's angry with you for keeping this young Man.

Maſt. I'm heartily ſorry, Sir; if you allow him ſound, pray take him with you.

2 *Gen.* We can find nothing in him Light nor Tainted; no ſtarts, no rubs in all his Anſwers: His Letters too are full of Diſcretion, Learning, and in a handſom ſtile.

Maſt. Don't be deceiv'd Sir, mark but his Look.

1 *Gen.* His grief and his Impriſonment may ſtamp that there.

Maſt. Pray talk with him agen then.

2 *Gen.* That will be needleſs, we have tryed him long enough, and if he had a taint, we ſhould have met with't.

Ped. A ſober Youth: 'Tis Pity ſo heavy a misfortune ſhould attend him.

2 *Gen.* You find no ſickneſs?

Scho. None Sir, I thank Heaven; nor nothing that diſturbs my underſtanding.

1 *Gen.* Do you ſleep a Nights? *Scho.* Perfectly ſound and ſweet.

2 *Gen.* Have you no fearful Dreams?

Scho. Sometimes, as all have, who go to Bed with raw and windy ſtomacsh.

1 *Gen.* Is there no unkindneſs you have receiv'd from any Friend, or Parent? or Scorn from what you lov'd?

Scho. No truly Sir, I have not yet ſeen Villany enough, to make me doubt the truth of Friend or Kindred——and what Love is, unleſs it lye in Learning, I am ignorant.

1 *Gen.* This Man is perfect; I never met with one that talk'd more regularly.

Maſt. You'l find it otherwiſe.

2 *Gen.* I muſt tell you plainly Sir, I think you keep him here to make

him mad, but here's his Diſcharge from my Lord Cardinal. Come Sir, you are now at Liberty to go with us.

Scho. I thank ye, Gentlemen; Maſter farewel.

Maſt. Farewel *Stephano.* Alas! Poor Man.

1 *Gen.* What ſlaws and guſts of Weather we have had theſe three days? How dark and hot it is? The Skie is full of mutiny.

Maſt. It has been ſtubborn Weather.

2 *Gen.* Strange work at Sea, I doubt there's old Tumbling.

1 *Gen.* Bleſs my old Uncle's Bark, I have a Venture in't.

2 *Gen.* And ſo have I, more than I'd wiſh to loſe, I'm in ſome fear.

Scho. Do you fear? 2 *Gen.* Ha! How he looks?

Maſt. Nay, mark him better, Gentlemen.

2 *Gen.* Mercy on me, how he ſtares?

Maſt. Now tell me how ye like him? What think ye of him for a ſober Man now?

Scho. Does the Sea ſtagger ye?

Maſt. Now you have hit the Nick. *Scho.* Do ye fear the Billows?

1 *Gen.* What Ails him, who has ſtirr'd him?

Scho. Be not ſhaken: Let the ſtorm riſe; let it blow on, blow on: Let the Clouds wraſtle, and let the Vapours of the Earth turn mutinous. The Sea in hideous Mountains riſe, and tumble upon a Dolphin's back, I'll make all ſhake, for I am *Neptune.*

Maſt. Now, what think you of him? 2 *Gen.* Alas! poor Man.

Scho. Your Bark ſhall Plough through all, and not a ſurge ſo ſawcy to diſturb her: I'll ſee her ſafe, my Pow'r ſhall ſail before her——

Down ye angry Waters all,
Ye loud whiſtling Whirlwinds fall.
Down ye proud Waves; ye Storms ceaſe,
I command ye, be at Peace;
Fright not with your Churliſh Notes,
Nor bruiſe the Keel of Bark that floats.
No devouring Fiſh come nigh,
Nor Monſter in my Empery
Once ſhew his Head, or terrour bring,
But let the weary Sailor ſing,
Amphitrite, with white Arms
Strike my Lute, I'll ſing Charms.

Maſt. Now he muſt have Muſick, his fit will grow worſe elſe.

2 *Gen.* I pity him. [*Muſick.*

Maſt. Now he'll go in quietly of himſelf,
And clean forget all.

Gen. We are ſorry, Sir, and we have ſeen a wonder.
Pray Excuſe our unbelief. [*Exeunt Gent.*

Ped. This was a ſtrange Fit.

Maſt. Many have ſworn him right, and I have thought ſo; yet on a ſudden, from ſome word or other, when no Man could expect a Fit, thus he has flown out. [*Enter* Alinda.

Alin. Muſt I come in too?

Maſt. No, my pretty Lad, keep in thy Chamber, thou ſhalt have thy Supper. *Ped.* Pray

Ped. Pray what is that, Sir?

Maſt. A ſtrange Boy that was found laſt Night wandring about the Town a little diſtracted, ſo was ſent hither.

Ped. How the pretty Knave looks! and Plays, and Peeps upon me! Sure ſuch Eyes I have ſeen.

Maſt. Pray take care, Sir, if you ſeem to take notice of him, you'll make him worſe.

Ped. I'll warrant you, I'll not hurt him: How he ſmiles! Let me look once again; but that the Cloaths are different—— Sure 'tis not ſhe——. How tenderly it preſſes me?

Maſt. I muſt attend elſe where, pray take heed. [*Exit* Maſter.

Ped. Fear not: How my Heart beats and trembles! He holds me hard; thou haſt a mind to ſpeak to me, he Weeps: What would'ſt thou ſay, my Child? Doſt know me?

Alin. O *Pedro*, *Pedro*! *Ped.* O my Soul.

Gen. Hey, what fit's this; I think the Pilgrim's off the Hooks too.

Alin. Let me hold thee, and now come all the World, I fear not.

Ped. Be wiſe my Angel, you'll diſcover your ſelf; oh, how I Love thee. How doſt thou? tell me.

Alin. I have been Miſerable. But your Eyes have bleſt me; pray think it not immodeſty I kiſs ye. Oh, my Head's wild ſtill.

Ped. Be not ſo full of Paſſion, nor hang ſo eagerly upon me, 'twill be obſerv'd.

Alin. Are ye then weary of me! but you ſhan't leave me: No, I'll hang here for ever. Kiſs you eternally, O my dear Pilgrim.

Enter Maſter.

Maſt. Look ye there now; I knew what you'd do. The Boy's in's Fit again: Are ye not aſham'd to torment him thus? I told you, you'd bring it upon him. Either be gone, and preſently, I'll force ye elſe: Who waits within! [*Enter two* Keepers.

Ped. Alas! good Sir, this is the way never to recover him.

Maſt. Stay but one minute more, I'll complain to the Governour. Pull away the Boy; look ye there, d'ye ſee how he pulls, and tears himſelf. Be gone you had beſt, for if the Boy miſcarry I'll make you rue it.

Ped. O Miſery. *Alin.* Farewel, for ever. [*Exeunt different ways.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

Enter Alphonſo, *and a Gentleman*.

Juletta *follows 'em unſeen.*

Gen. YOU are now within a Mile oth' Town, Sir; if my buſineſs would give me leave, I'd guide ye farther. But for ſuch Gentlemen as you enquire for, I have ſeen none. The Boy you deſcribe, or one much like

like it, was ſent in t'other Night a little maddiſh, and now is in the Houſe appointed for ſuch Cures.

Alp. 'Tis very well, I thank ye Sir.

Jule. (*aſide*) And ſo do I: for if there be ſuch a place, I ask no more; you ſhall hear of me, I' faith, old Gentleman, I'll follow you there too, as founder'd as I am. And make ye kick and roar afore I have done with you. I'll teach you to hunt Mad-Houſes.

Alp. (*aſide*) It muſt be ſhe. 'Tis very well, is your blood ſo hot, I'faith, my Minx? I'll have ye madded, I'll have ye worm'd.

Enter Alinda *as a Fool.*

Gen. Here's one belongs to the very Houſe, Sir, 'tis a poor Ideot. But ſhe'll ſhew you the way as well as a wiſer Body. So, Sir, I leave you. [*Exit Gent.*

Alp. Your Servant. Here Fool, a word with thee, Fool.

Alin. O I am loſt, 'tis my Father in all his rage.

Alp. Hark thee, Fool.

Alin. He does not know me, Heaven grant I may deceive him ſtill! will ye give me two pence, Gaffer, and here's a Crow Flower, and a Dazie? I have ſome Pye in my Pocket too.

Alp. This is an errant Fool, a meer Changeling.

Alin. Think ſo, and I am happy. [*Aſide.*

Alp. Doſt thou dwell in *Segovia*, Fool?

Alin. No, no, I dwell in Heaven; and I have a fine little Houſe made of Marmalad; and I am a lone Woman, and I ſpin for St. *Peter.* I have a hundred little Children, and they ſing Pſalms with me.

Alp. A very pretty Converſation I am falling into here, eſpecially for a Man in a Paſſion. Canſt thou tell me if this be the way to the Town?

Alin. Yes, yes, you muſt go over the top of that high Steeple, Gaffer.

Alp. A Plague of your Fools face.

Jul. (*aſide.*) No; take her Counſel, do.

Alin. And then you ſhall come to a River, Gaffer, twenty Miles over, and twenty Miles and ten; and then you muſt pray, Gaffer, and pray, and pray, and pray, and pray, and pray.

Alp. Pray Heav'n deliver me from ſuch an Aſs as thou art.

Alin. Amen, ſweet Gaffer; and fling a Sop of Sugar-Cake into it, and then you muſt leap in naked.

Jul. (*aſide*) Wou'd he wou'd believe her.

Alin. And ſink ſeven days together. Can ye ſink, Gaffer?

Alp. Pox on thee, and a Pox o' that Fool that left me to thee. [*Exit. Alp.*

Alin. God be w'ye Nunkle.

Jul. How I rejoyce in any thing that vexes him! I ſhall love this Fool as long as I live, for putting her hand to the Plough. Cou'd I but ſee my Miſtreſs now, to tell her how I have labour'd for her, how I have worn my ſelf away in her Service! — Well, ſure I ſhall find her at laſt.

Alin. (*aſide*) 'Tis *Juletta.* — Sure ſhe's honeſt; yet I dare not diſcover my ſelf to her.

Jul. Here, fool, here's ſomething for thee to buy Apples, for the ſport thou haſt made in croſſing thy Nunkle.

Alin. Thank ye, little Gentleman; Heaven bleſs ye. Pray keep this Nutmeg;

Nutmeg; 'twas ſent me from the Lady of the Mountain, a Golden Lady.

Jul. How prettily it prattles!

Alin. 'Tis very good to rub your Underſtanding; and ſo good Night; the Moon's up.

Jul. Pretty Innocence!

Alin. (*aſide*) Now Fortune, if thou darſt do good, protect me. [*Exit. Al.*

Jul. I'll follow him to your Town; he ſhan't 'ſcape me. ——Let me ſee. ——I muſt counterfeit a Letter, a Letter of Authority for him.—— Yes, 'twill do; certainly do. ——How I ſhall make his old Blood boyl! Rare ſport i'faith! ——But what i'th' Name of Innocence has this Fool given me! She ſaid 'twas good to rub my Underſtanding; is't Bread or Cheeſe? — Hah! a Ring! a right one! a Ring I know too! —The very ſame—— A Ring my Miſtreſs took from me, and wore it. I know it by the Poſie. None could deliver this but ſhe her ſelf. 'Twas ſhe. Curſe o' my Sand-blind Eyes. Twice deceiv'd! Twice ſo near the Bleſſing I am ſeeking! What ſhall I do? Here are ſo many croſs-ways, 'tis in vain to follow her. I hope however, for all her Dreſs, ſhe's in her Senſes ſtill, for ſure ſhe knew me.—— Well, to divert my melancholy till I can meet with her again, I'll go and have th' other touch with her Father.

Enter Roderigo. [*Exit. Jul.*

Rod. She's not to be recover'd; and, which doubles my Torment, he's got beyond my Vengeance. How they laugh at me! Death and Furies! But why ſhou'd I ſtill wander thus, and be a Coxcomb, tire out my Peace and Pleaſure for a Girl? a Girl that ſcorns me too? a thing that hates me; and, conſider at the beſt, is but a ſhort Breakfaſt for a hot Appetite? ——Well thought: That ſhort Repaſt I'll make on her, and ſo I'll reſt. ——Look to't, my young deceiver; we ſhall meet; which when we do, not all the Tears and Cries of trembling Chaſtity ſhall ſave you. You have fir'd my Dwelling, and ſhall quench my Flame. [*Enter* Alinda.

Alin. Is not that *Pedro*? 'Tis he; 'tis he. ——Oh my——

Rod. What art thou? *Alin.* Hah! ——Oh! I'm miſerable. [*Aſide.*

Rod. What the Devil art thou?

Alin. (*aſide*) No end of my misfortunes? Heav'ns! that Habit to betray me! ye holy Saints, can ye ſee that? Do your ſelves Juſtice, and protect me.

Rod. It dances! Hey-day! The Devil in a Fool's Coat! Is he turn'd Changeling? What mops and mows it makes! How it friſks! Is't not a Fairy? It has a mortal Face, and I've a great mind to't. But if it ſhou'd prove the Devil! ——

Alin. Come hither, Dear.

Rod. I think 'twill raviſh me. It's a handſom thing, but baſely Sunburnt. What's that it points at?

Alin. Doſt thou ſee that Star there? that juſt above the Sun? Prithee go thither and light me this Tobacco, and ſtop it with the Horns of the Moon.

Rod. The thing's mad, quite mad. Go ſleep, fool, go ſleep.

Alin. Thou canſt not ſleep ſo quietly; for I can ſay my Prayers, and then ſlumber.

I am not proud, nor full of Wine;
This little Flow'r will make me fine:
Cruel in heart, for I will cry
If I ſee a Sparrow dye.

I am not watchful to do ill,
Nor glorious to purſue it ſtill;
Nor pitileſs to thoſe that weep.
Such as are, bid them go ſleep.

Do, do, do; and ſee if they can.

Rod. It ſaid true. Its words ſink into me. Sure 'tis a kind of Sybil; ſome mad Prophet. I feel my Fury bound and fetter'd in me.

Alin. Give me your hand, and I'll tell you your Fortune.

Rod. Here, prithee do.

Alin. Fye! fye! fye! fye! fye! Waſh your Hands and pare your Nails, and look finely, you ſhall never kiſs the King's Daughter elſe.

Rod. I waſh 'em daily. *Alin.* But foul 'em faſter.

Rod. (*aſide*) This goes nearer me. *Alin.* You ſhall have two Wives.

Rod. Two Wives!

Alin. Yes; two fine Gentlewomen. Make much of 'em, for they'll ſtick cloſe to you, Sir. And theſe two in two days, Sir.

Rod. That's a fine Riddle!

Alin. To day you ſhall wed Sorrow, and Repentance will come to morrow.

Rod. Sure ſhe's inſpir'd. *Alin.* I'll tell you more, Sir. [*Sings.*

He call'd down his merry men all,
By One, by Two, by Three.
William *wou'd fain have been the Firſt,*
But now the Laſt is he.

Rod. The very Chronicle of my misfortunes.

Alin. I'll bid you Good-Ev'n; for my Boat ſtays for me, and I muſt ſup with the Moon to Night in the *Mediterranean.* [*Exit. Alin.*

Rod. Can Fools and Mad-folks then be Tutors to me? Can they feel my Sores, yet I inſenſible? Sure this was ſent by Providence to ſteer me right. I'm wondrous weary; my thoughts too, they are tir'd, which adds a weighty burden to me. I have done ill; I have purſu'd it too; nay, ſtill run on. I muſt think better; be ſomething elſe, or nothing. Still I grow heavier. A little reſt wou'd help me; I'll try if I can take it; and Heaven's Goodneſs guard me. [*Lies down.*

Enter four Peaſants.

1 *Pea.* We have ſcap'd to day well. If the Out-Laws had known we had been ſtirring, we had pay'd for't, Neighbours.

2 *Pea.* A murrain take 'em, they have robb'd me thrice.

3 *Pea.* Me five times, my Daughter fifty; tho' to give 'em their due, they ne're take any thing from her, but what ſhe can very well ſpare.

4 *Pea.* Ah! my poor Wife has been in their hands too: But, to ſay the truth, I don't find ſhe has loſt much neither.

1 *Pea.* For my part, I ought not to complain, for I have got three Children by 'em. Poor *Jone!* they have pepper'd her Jacket.

2 *Pea.* Wou'd we had ſome of 'em here, to thank 'em for their kindneſſes.

3 *Pea.* So we were ſtrong enough to Circumciſe 'em, I don't care if we had.

4 *Pea.* What's that lies there?

1 *Pea.* An old Woman that keeps Sheep hereabouts.

2 *Pea.* Drunk, I ſuppoſe.

3 *Pea.* And a Sword by her ſide to keep the Wolves off?——Hah! Captain *Roderigo*, or the Devil.—— Stand to your Arms, Gentlemen.

4 *Pea.*

4 *Pea.* 'Tis he. 1 *Pea.* Speak ſoftly.

2 *Pea.* Now's our time.

3 *Pea.* Stay, ſtay, let's be provident. Shall we wake him before we kill him, or after?

4 *Pea.* Let me kill my ſhare of him before he wakes.

1 *Pea.* Let me have the firſt blow; he robb'd me laſt.

2 *Pea.* No, I ought to have the firſt; he Cuckolded me laſt.

3 *Pea.* Hold, hold; no Civil Wars, d'ye hear? Beat his Brains out between ye,——And then I'll pick his Pockets. [*Aſide.*

4 *Pea.* Draw your Knives, and every Man ſeize a Limb.

Omn. Huzzah! *Rod.* Slaves! Villains! will ye murder me?

3 *Pea.* No, no; we'll only tickle you a little. D'ye remember *Joan*, Captain? I'll ſpoil ye for a Cuckold-maker. [*Enter* Pedro.

Rod. For Heavens ſake! as y'are Men; as y'are Chriſtians.

3 *Pea.* Neither Man nor Chriſtian upon this occaſion, but a Cuckold with a Knife in my hand.

Rod. Oh help! Some help there!

Ped. Ye Villains! are ye at Murder? Off, ye inhuman Slaves!—— Do ye not ſtir? Nay then have among ye.

Omn. Away, away, away. [*Exeunt.*

Ped. Villains! uſe Violence to that Habit?

Rod. Pedro! Nay then I am more wretched than ever. [*Aſide.*

Ped. Hah! *Roderigo!* What makes him here thus clad? Is it Repentance, or a Diſguiſe for Miſchief? [*Aſide.*

Rod. To owe my Life to him, makes me all Confuſion. [*Aſide.*

Ped. Ye are not much hurt, Sir?

Rod. No.——All I can call a Wound, is in my Conſcience. [*Aſide.*

Ped. Have ye conſider'd the Nature of theſe Men, and how they have us'd you? was it well?

Rod. (*aſide*) I dare not ſpeak, for I have nought to anſwer.

Ped. Did it look noble to be o're-laid with odds? Did it ſeem manly in a multitude to oppreſs you? If it be baſe in Wretches low like theſe, what muſt it be in one that's born like you? Ah *Roderigo!* had I abandon'd Honeſty, Religion, broke thro' the Bonds of Honour and Humanity, I had ſet as ſmall a price upon thy Life, as thou didſt lately upon mine: But I reſerve thee to a nobler Vengeance.

Rod. I thank ye; you have the Nobler Soul, I muſt confeſs it; and of your Paſſions are a greater Maſter. Th' Example's glorious, and I wiſh to follow it. There is a ſtain of Infamy about me, and the Dye is deep; yet poſſibly occaſion may preſent, that I may waſh it off.

Ped. I'll give you one, a noble one, I think. We have a quarrel, we've a Miſtreſs too. We are ſingle, and our Arms alike. In one fair riſque of Life let all determine, our Rancour paſt, and Happineſs to come.

Rod. (*aſide*) His Virtue puzzles me.——I dare fight, *Pedro.*

Ped. I do believe you dare: Or if you wanted Courage, the beauteous Prize for which we now contend wou'd rouze you to't.

Rod. Hah! *Ped.* If you deſerve her, draw.

Rod. I do not, nor ſuch a noble Enemy: I therefore will not draw.

Ped. I cou'd compel you to't, but wou'd not willingly.

Rod. You cannot, to increaſe my Guilt: The Load's already more than *I* can bear; *I* wo'not add to't. *Ped.* Poor Evaſion.

Rod. Thou wrong'ſt me, much thou wrong'ſt me; time will convince thee on't. I'll ſatisfie thee any way but this. *I* have been wicked, but cannot be a Monſter. My Sword refuſes to attempt the Man preſerv'd me; its temper ſtarts at thy Virtue. If thou wilt have me fight, give me an Enemy, for thou art none.

Ped. I'm more, for I'm thy Rival.

Rod. That is not in thy power, for *I* no more am thine. No, *Pedro*; the wrongs I've done my ſelf and thee, let that fair Saint attone for: There's nothing more *I* or the World can give, and nothing leſs can expiate my Crimes, or recompence thy Virtue.

Ped. Is't poſſible thou canſt be ſuch a Penitent!

Rod. *I* am moſt truly ſuch; and leſt *I* ſhould relapſe again to Hell, forget the Debt *I* owe to thee and Heav'n, this ſacred Habit *I* have ſo prophan'd, ſhall henceforth be my faithful Monitor.

Ped. Noble *Roderigo*, how glorious is this Change! Let me embrace thee.

Rod. Thou great Example of Humanity, doſt thou forgive me?

Ped. *I* do; with joy *I* do.

Rod. Then *I* am happy——All *I* have more to ask, is, leave to attend you in your preſent difficulties; that by ſuch ſervice as *I* have power to render, *I* may confirm you *I* am what *I* ſeem.

Ped. There needs no further proof. However, in hopes *I* doubly may return thoſe Services, I'll not refuſe 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Alphonſo, *Maſter and Keepers.*

Maſt. Yes, Sir, here are ſuch People: But how pleaſing they may be to you, I can't tell.

Alp. That's not your concern; *I* deſire to ſee 'em, to ſee 'em all.

Maſt. All? Why, they'll quite confound ye, Sir; like Bells rung backwards, they are nothing but confuſion, meer Noiſe.

Alp. May be *I* love Noiſe?—— But hark ye, Sir; have ye no Boys? handſom young Boys?

Maſt. One, Sir, we have, a very handſom Boy. *Alp.* Long here?

Maſt. But two Days. A little craz'd, but may recover.

Alp. That Boy, *I* would ſee that Boy; perhaps *I* know him——(*Aſide*) This is the Boy he told me of; it muſt be ſhe——The Boy, Maſter, *I* beſeech ye the Boy.

Maſt. You ſhall ſee him, Sir, or any elſe: But pray don't be ſo violent.

Alp. *I* know what to do, *I* warrant ye; I'm for all fancies; *I* can talk to 'em, and diſpute if occaſion be——Who lies here?

Keep. Pray don't diſturb 'em, Sir; here lies ſuch Youths will make you ſtart, if they begin to Dance their Frenchmores.

Maſt. Fetch out the Boy, Sirrah. [*Shaking of Irons within.*] ——Hark!

Alp. Hey-boys!

Enter Engliſh Madman, Scholar and Prieſt.

Eng. Bounce. Clap her o'th' Starboard. Bounce. Top the Can.

Schol. Dead, ye Dog, dead! D'ye quarrel in my Kingdom? Give me my Trident.

Eng. Bounce!—'Twixt Wind and Water! Laden with Mackerel!—Oh brave Meat! *Scho.* My

Scho. My Sea-Horſes. I'll charge the Northern Wind, and break his Bladder.

Alp. Brave ſport, i'faith!

Prieſt. I'll ſell my Bells, before I'll be outbrav'd thus.

Alp. What's he.

Maſt. A Prieſt, Sir, that run mad for a Tythe-pig.

Alp. Curran-ſawce cure him.

Prieſt. I'll curſe ye all, I'll excommunicate ye. Thou Engliſh Heretick, give me the tenth Pot.

Eng. Sue me, I'll drink up all. Bounce *I* ſay once more— O-ho! have *I* ſplit your Mizen? Blow, blow, thou Weſt-wind; blow till thou riſe, and make the Sea run roaring;—I'll hiſs it down again, with a Bottle of Ale.

Scho. Tryton! why, *Tryton!* *Eng. Tryton*'s drunk with Metheglin.

Scho. Strike, ſtrike the Surges, ſtrike. *Prieſt.* I'll have my Pig.

Eng. Drink, drink; 'tis Day-light—Drink, diddle, diddle, diddle, Drink.

Prieſt. I'll damn thee.

Eng. Prieſt, proud Prieſt, a Pig's Tail in thy Teeth.

Prieſt. My Pig— or I'll marry thee.

Eng. Say no more. My Drink's out. Huſh is the word—and to ſleep.

Maſt. Their Fits are cool now; let 'em reſt.

Alp. Mad Gallants, mad Gallants, i'faith; *I* love their Faces; *I* never fell into better Company in my Life. [*Enter mad Taylor.*

Tay. Who's that?—The King of *Spades*?
I'll make him a new Mantle?

Alp. Hey Day: A mad Taylor too! What
The Pox made thee Mad?

Tay. Cabbage——Snip goes the Sheers——
And the Coat's never the ſhorter.

Alp. Thou'rt a brave Fellow, and ſha't make me
A new Doublet.

Tay. For thy Coronation—— I'll do't;
But Mony down; doſt hear? Mony down.
The King of *Spades* is a Courtier.

Prieſt. I'll have a new Gown.

Tay. So thou ſha't, made of Shreds——and a
Tythe Louſe——to prevent Damnation——

Alp. Wo't be my Chaplain?

Prieſt. And ſay Grace to boild Meat?——The Devil.

Alp. Can'ſt thou Preach?

Prieſt. Give me a Text.

Tay. Pudding.

Prieſt. Where is't?—— I'll handle it——Divide it——
Subdivide it——and give my Pariſh—ne're a bit on't.

Tay. My Lady's Woman ſhall have a ſlice.

Prieſt. Mum.

Tay. I'll cut thee a pair of Britches, out of the tail of her Petticoat.

Prieſt. Warm ware——Dog Days——but Huſh: Put out the Candle——Maiden-head's the Word. If the Cardinal hear's on't——he'll have a Pair too.

[*Enter* Keepers, *and ſhe* Fool *in* Alinda's *Cloaths*;

1 *Keep.*

1 *Keep.* You ſtinking Whore, who did this for you? Who looks to the Boy? Pox take him, he was aſleep when I left him.

2 *Keep.* I ſuppoſe he made the Fool drunk.

Maſt. What's this noiſe about? Where's the Boy?

1 *Keep.* Here's all the Boys we have found.

Maſt. Theſe are his Cloaths; but where's he?

1 *Keep.* Ay, that's all I want to know.

Maſt. Where's the Boy, ye Slut you? Where's the Boy?

Fool. The Boy's gone a Maying; he'l bring me home a Cuckow's Neſt. Do you hear, Maſter? I put my Cloaths off, and I dizen'd him; I pinn'd a Plume in his Forehead, and a Feather, and buſs'd him twice, and bid him go ſeek his Fortune. He gave me this fine Mony, and he gave me fine Wine too, and bid me ſop; and gave me theſe trim Cloaths too, and put 'em on, he did. *Alp.* Is this the Boy you'd ſhew me?

Fool. I'll give you Two-pence, Maſter.

Alp. Am I Fool'd on all ſides? I met a Fool in the Woods in a long py'd Coat; they ſaid ſhe dwelt here.

Maſt. That was the very Boy, Sir.

Fool. Ay, ay, ay; I gave him leave to play forſooth; he'l come again morrow, and bring Peaſcods.

Maſt. I'll Peaſcods your Bones, you Whore.

Alp. Pox o' your Fools and Bedlams; Plague o' your Owls and Apes.

Maſt. Pray, Sir, be moderate; ſuch Accidents will happen ſometimes, take what care we can.

Alp. Damn Accidents: You're a Juggler, and I'm abus'd.

Maſt. Indeed, Sir, you are not.

Alp. It's falſe; I am abus'd, and I will be abus'd, whether you will or no, Sir. [*Enter Welchman.*

Wel. Whaw, Mr. *Keeper.* *Alp.* What a pox have we got here?

Wel. Give me ſome Cheeſe and Onyons; give me ſome Waſh-prew; I have hunger in my pellies; give me apundance. *Pendragon* was a Shentleman, mark you, Sir? And the Organs at *Wrexham* were made by Revelations; there is a Spirit plows and plows the Pellows, and then they ſing.

Alp. Why, this Moon Calf's madder than all the reſt. Who the Devil is he?

Maſt. He's a *Welch-man*, Sir: He ran mad, becauſe a Rat eat up his Cheeſe.

Alp. The Devil he did. *Wel.* I will peat thy Face as plack as a plue Clout.

Maſt. He won't Hurt you, Sir, don't be afraid.

Wel. Give me a great deal of Cuns: Thou art the Devils, I know thee by thy Tails: I will will peg thy Pums full of Pullets.

Alp. This is the rareſt Raſcal! He ſpeaks as if h' had Buttermilk in's Mouth.

Wel. *Baſilus Manus* is for an old Codpice, mark ye. I will porrow thy Urſip's Whore to Seal a Letter.

Alp. Ha, ha, ha. *Maſt.* Now he begins to grow Villanous.

Alp. Methinks he's beſt know. *Maſt.* Take him away.

Alp. he ſhan't go. *Maſt.* He muſt, Sir.

Wel. I will Sing, and dance, and do any thing.

Alp. Wilt thou declaim in *Greek*?

Scho. Do, and I'll confound thee. *Wel.* I will eat ſome Puddings.

Eng. Pudding! where is't? Bak'd or Boil'd, Plums or Plain, 'tis mine by *Magna Charta*.—The King of *Spain* eats White-Pot.

Alp.

Alp. Oh brave *Engliſh* Man? Wilt have any Beef, Boy?

Maſt. Nay, now, Sir, y' have made him ſtark mad. Lay hold of him there quickly.

Eng. Beef! ye Gods! Beef!—I'le have that Ox for Supper—Knock him down—Chines, Surloins, Ribs, and Buttocks.—Lead me to the *French* Camp—They fly! they fly! they fly! they fly! they fly! they fly! Huzzah!

Maſt. Away with him; he'l be ſo mad now, the Devil can't tame him. Take 'em all away. [*Exit* Keeper and Madmen.]

Alp. He ſhan't go. What a Pox makes ye ſpoil company?

Maſt. Away with him, I ſay.

Alp. I gad I'le ſee him in's Lodging then; I have a mind to ſup with him. If he's ſuch rare company now he's ſober, what will he be over a Bottle?

Maſt. What the Devil would this old Spark be at? I think he's as mad as any of 'em. [*Enter* Juletta.

Jul. (*aſide*) He's in, and now have at him—Are you the Maſter, Sir?

Maſt. Yes, What do you want?

Jul. I have a buſineſs from the Duke of *Medina*. Is there not an old Gentleman come lately here?

Maſt. Yes; and a mad one too; but he's no Priſoner.

Jul. There's a Letter, pray read it——(*aſide*) I ſhall be with you now, i'faith, my old Maſter; I'll rouze your Blood now to the purpoſe; I'll teach ye to plague Women, ye old put you.

Maſt. This Letter ſays the Gentleman is Lunatick: I half ſuſpected it.

Jul. 'Tis but too true, Sir; And ſuch pranks he has plaid——

Maſt. He's ſome Man of note, I ſuppoſe, the Duke Commands me with ſuch care to look to him. He's in haſte too, I find, for his Recovery; for he bids me ſpare no Correction.

Jul. He directed me to ſay the ſame thing to you. Pray, Sir, have no regard to his Age or Quality: But ſince 'tis for his Good, ſtrap him ſoundly.

Maſt. He ſhall have the ſharpeſt Diſcipline, I promiſe you.—— Pray how did you get him hither?

Jul. By a Train I laid for him; he's in Love with a Boy you muſt know; there lies his Crack.

Maſt. He came hither to ſeek one.

Jul. Yes, I ſent him. We ſhould never have got him here by force.

Maſt. Here was a Boy laſt Night. *Jul.* He did not ſee him, did he?

Maſt. No; he was ſlipt away firſt.

Jul. So much the better. Pray, Sir, look well to your Charge; I muſt ſee him lodg'd before I go; the Duke order'd me. I fancy you'l find him very rough.

Maſt. Oh! that's nothing. We are us'd to that; we can be as rough as he, I'le warrant him.

Jul. See here he comes.——(*aſide*) Oh! how it tickles me!

Enter Alphonſo *and* 2*d.* Keeper.

Alp. What doſt talk to me of noiſes? I'll have more noiſe. I love noiſe: I'll have 'em all looſe together. Your Maſter has let my Boy looſe, and I'll do as much by his.

2 *Keep.* Will you go out, and not make diſturbances here?

Alp. I won't go out, you Raſcal; I'll have 'em all out with me. There's no body mad here, but thee and thy Maſter.—— [*Irons ſhake.*] Hey brave

brave Boys! Mad Boys! Mad Boys!

Jul. Do you perceive him now?

Maſt. 'Tis too apparent.—— D'ye hear, Sir? Pray will ye make leſs ſtir, and ſee your Chamber? *Alp.* Ha!

2 *Keep.* Nay, I thought he was mad. I gad our Maſter has found him out. I'll have one long laſh at your back, i' faith, old Spark.

Maſt. Come, Sir, will you retire quietly to your Chamber?

Alp. My Chamber! What doſt thou mean by my Chamber? Where's the Boy, you Blockhead you?

Maſt. Look ye, Sir, we are People of few words here; either go quietly to your Chamber, or we ſhall carry you there with a Witneſs.

Alp. A ſtrange fellow this! ——And what Chamber is't thou would'ſt have me go quietly to?

Maſt. A Chamber the Duke has order'd to be prepar'd for you within; you ſhall be well lodg'd, don't fear.

Alp. The Duke! What, what, what haſt thou got in thy Head? what Duke, Monkey, ha?

Maſt. Hark ye, Sir, let me adviſe you, don't expoſe your ſelf; you are an old Gentleman, and ſhou'd be Wiſe; you are a little mad, which you don't perceive; your Friends have found it out, and have deliver'd you over to me. [Alph. *Spits in his Face.*] —— Say ye ſo, old Boy? —— A hey! Seize him here, and fifty ſlaps o'th' back preſently.

Jul. (*aſide*) I'm afraid they'll make him mad indeed. — Rare ſport!

Alp. Hold, hold, hold, hold, hold. —— Hark ye, Gentlemen, Gentlemen, one word, but one word. Pray do me the favour to ſhew me my Chamber.

Maſt. O-ho! I'm glad to ſee you begin to come to your ſelf, Sir. I don't doubt, by the bleſſing of Heaven, and proper methods, to bring you to your ſenſes again.

Alp. Yes, Sir, I hope all will be well. Really I find my ſelf at this time, as I think, very ſenſible—of ſome ſtroaks o'the back. [*Aſide.*

Maſt. I can ſee your madneſs very much abated.

Alp. Yes, truly, I hope it is; tho' I can't ſay but—a—I am ſtill—a—little diſcompos'd. *Maſt.* There muſt be ſome time to reſtore a Man. *Rome* was not built in a day. But ſince the Duke has ſo much kindneſs for you to be in haſte for your Cure, when your next fit comes, we'll double the Doſe. —Here, lead the Gentleman to his Chamber. But he muſt have no Supper to night; take care of that. *Alp.* Pray, Sir, may I ſleep?

Maſt. A little you may. In the morning we'll take 30 or 40 Ounces of Blood away; which with a Watergrewel-Dyet for a Week or ten days, may moderate things mightily. —Go carry him in, I'll follow preſently.

Alp. What a Wretched Dog am I! [*Exit* Keepers *and* Alp.

Maſt. You ſee, Sir, the Duke's Orders are obey'd. *Jul.* I'll not fail to acquaint him with it. Pray let the old Gentleman want nothing but his Wits.

Maſt. He ſhall be taken perfect care of. ——My humble Duty to his Grace. [*Exit* Maſter.

Jul. So, now I think I have fix'd thee. This has ſucceeded rarely! —— I cou'd burſt with laughing now, lye down and rowl about the Room, I'm ſo tickl'd with it: But I have other buſineſs to do; now's my time to ſerve my Miſtreſs. Good Stars guide me where ſhe is, and *I* have nothing more to ask you, but a Husband. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Seberto *and* Curio.

Seb. O'My Conſcience we have quite loſt him: He's not gone home, we heard from thence this morning.

Cur. Faith, let's e'en turn back; this is but a Wildgooſe-Chace.

Seb. No, hang't, let's ſee the end of theſe Adventures now we are out: They muſt end ſoon one way or other.

Cur. Which way ſhall we go? We have ſcowr'd the Champion-Country, and all the Villages, already.

Seb. We'll beat theſe Woods; and if nothing ſtart, we'll to *Segovia.*

Cur. I'm afraid he's ſick, or fallen into ſome danger. He has no Guide nor Servant with him.

Seb. Hang him, he's tough and hardy; he'll bear a great deal.

Cur. Shall we part, and go ſeveral ways?

Seb. No, that will be melancholy; let's e'en keep on together. Come, we'll croſe here firſt; and as we find the Paths, let them direct us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Alinda *and* Juletta.

Jul. Indeed, Madam, 'tis very cruel in you to ſhew this ſtrange Miſtruſt of me. Have I not always ſerv'd you faithfully? Why do you ſhun me thus? What have I done to call my Truth in queſtion? But I ſee you are ſtill doubtful; 'tis enough; I'll leave you; and may you light of one will ſerve you better. Farewel.

Al. Prithee forgive me. I know thou-art faithful, and thou art welcome to me; a welcome Partner to my Miſeries. Thou know'ſt I love thee too.

Jul. I have indeed thought ſo.

Al. Alas! my Fears have ſo diſtracted me, I durſt not truſt my ſelf.

Jul. Pray throw 'em by then, and let 'em diſtract you ſo no more; at leaſt, conſider how to prevent 'em. Pray put off this Fool's Coat; tho' it has kept you ſecret hitherto, 'tis known now, and will betray you. Your Arch-Enemy *Roderigo* is abroad, and a thouſand more are looking for you.

Al. I know it, and wou'd gladly change my Dreſs if I knew how: But, alas! I have no other.

Jul. I'll equip you. I lay laſt night at a poor Widow's houſe here in the Thicket, where I'll carry you, and diſguiſe you anew; my ſelf too to attend you.

Al. But haſt thou any Money? for mine's all gone.

Jul. Enough for this occaſion; I did not come out empty.

Al. Haſt thou ſeen *Roderigo* lately?

Jul. This very morning, in theſe Woods. Take heed, for he has got a new Shape.

Al. A Pilgrim's Habit, I know it. Was he alone?

Jul. No, Madam. And, which made me wonder, he was in Company with that very Pilgrim, that handſome Man you were concern'd you gave nothing to.

Al. Is't poſſible?

Jul. The very ſame.—See how one may be deceiv'd! I ſhou'd ne'er have thought him a Companion for ſuch a Villain.

Al. Did they ſeem Friends?

Jul. The greateſt that cou'd be.

Al. Intimate?

Jul. Walk'd with their Arms about one another's Waſte.

Al. What can this mean?

Jul. Lord! how ſhe trembles!

Al. Canſt thou ſhew 'em me?

Jul. Not for the World in this Dreſs: But come with me to my Old Woman's; and when we are new cas'd, I'll ſhew you any thing.

Al. Let's be ſpeedy then, for I am full of Agitation. Come, as we go, I'll tell thee all my Secrets.

Jul. I'll keep 'em faithfully.—This is the way, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, Verdugo, *and Citizens.*

Gov. Uſe all your Sports, good people, all your Solemnities; 'Tis the King's Birth-day, a Day we ought to honour.

1 *Cit.* We will, Noble Governor, and make *Segovia* ring with Joy.

2 *Cit.* We ſhou'd be a little more hearty in our Mirth tho', if your Honour wou'd take into your Conſideration the Miſeries we ſuffer by theſe Outlaws here. Our Trade's undone by 'em, Strangers dare not come near us; beſides, our Wives and Daughters make woful Complaints of 'em.

Gov. I'm ſorry for't, and have Orders from the King to help ye; You ſhan't be long perplex'd with 'em.

3 *Cit.* 'Tis time they were routed truly; for they grow fearful Confident. They'll come to Church ſometimes, and carry off our Altar-Plate. Father *Dominic* has curs'd 'em all till he's grown hoarſe again; ſo he ſays they are damn'd, which is ſome comfort.

1 *Cit.* If your Honour were not here to awe 'em a little, they'd come and make us a Viſit at this good time.

3 *Cit.* Yes; they'd eat all our Meat, drink up our Drink, ring our Bells backwards, piſs out our Bonefires; and when their Mettle was up, have at the Faireſt i'faith.

2 *Cit.* Nay, have at All: They are none of your nice ones. My poor Mother's Fourſcore and odd, and ſhe made ſhift to get her ſelf raviſh'd amongſt 'em.

Gov. Are they ſo fierce? D'ye hear, *Verdugo*? after this Solemnity is over, I'll ſend you with a Party to attack 'em. We'll try if we can tame 'em.

Ver. Their Captain *Roderigo* is to be piti'd; A Gentleman, and a brave Soldier too.

Gov. The Court has not rewarded him as his Services have deſerv'd; their neglect of him has urg'd him to this Courſe.

Ver. They have a hungry Eye on his Eſtate; 'tis That, I doubt, keeps back his Pardon.

Gov. It had been paſs'd e're this elſe: but he wants Temper to diſcern the Cauſe.

Ver. Have you ne'er heard, Sir, of the Noble *Pedro* yet?

Gov.

Gov. Never. I fear he's dead. The Court bewails his loſs; the King himſelf laments him.

Ver. He has reaſon; 'twas in his Service he undid himſelf: And if he had rewarded him as he deſerv'd, h'had had him ſtill to merit more.

Gov. If he be ſtill alive, and e're returns, I know he is reſolv'd to make him happy. But come, let's to the Church, and there begin the Celebration of our Royal Maſter's Birth-day.

Enter Roderigo *and* Pedro.

Rod. How ſweet theſe ſolitary Places are! how wantonly the Wind blows through the Leaves, and Courts and Plays with 'em! Will ye ſit down and ſleep? 'Tis wondrous Hot.

Ped. I cannot ſleep, my Friend: My Heart's too watchful to admit of Slumbers.

Rod. The Murmurs of this Stream perhaps may lull you into Reſt: Hark! the Birds join too to Eaſe you. Pray ſit down.

aſide.] I fain wou'd wooe his Fancy into Peace; I ſee 'tis much diſturb'd —— Will you not try to take a moment's Reſt?

Ped. It is impoſſible: Have you ſeen no one yet?

Rod. No Creature.

Ped. What ſtrange Muſick was that we heard far off?

Rod. I cannot gueſs; it was uncommon; ſometimes it ſeem'd hard by, at leaſt I thought ſo.

Ped. It pleas'd me much: what cou'd it be? here's no Inhabitants.

Rod. They talk of Fairies, and ſuch airy Beings: If there are ſuch, methinks they cou'd not chuſe a lovelier Dwelling.

Ped. Thoſe Rocks there look like inchanted Cells, form'd for ſuch Inhabitants. Hark! more Muſick! [*Muſick.*] 'Tis here again! Hark! gentle *Roderigo!* O Love! what fuel's this to feed thy Flame? O *Alinda!*

Rod. aſide. By all his Woes, he weeps. [*They lye down.*

Enter Alinda *and* Juletta *like Old Women.*

Rod. What are theſe? *Ped.* What!

Rod. Thoſe there; thoſe things that come upon us: Did not I ſay theſe Woods had Wonder in 'em?

Jul. Now you may view 'em: There are the Men you wiſh'd for. There they are both; Now you may boldly talk with 'em, and ne're be gueſs'd at. Don't be afraid: See! they're ſurpriz'd! they don't know what to make of us!

Alin. I tremble! ——

Jul. Then you ſpoil all: Take Courage and attack 'em, I'll bring you off I'll warrant ye.

Alin. 'Tis he and *Roderigo*; What Peace dwells in their Faces? What a friendly Calm?

Rod. They ſeem Mortal: They come upon us ſtill.

Ped. Let's meet 'em; Fear won't become us. Hail Reverend Dames!

Alin. What, do you ſeek, good Men?

Ped. We wou'd ſeek happier Fortunes.

Alin. Seek 'em, and make 'em.

Lie not ſtill, nor longer here; | Be Conſtant, Good, in Faith be clear,
Here inhabits nought but Fear: | Fortune will wait ye everywhere.

Ped. Whither ſhou'd we go? For we believe thee, and will obey thee.

Alin. Go to *Segovia*; and there before the Altar pay thy Vows, thy Gifts and Prayers; unload thy Heavineſs.
There ſhed thy mournful Tears, and gain thy Suit;
Such honeſt noble Showres ne'er wanted Fruit.

Jul. to *Rod.* And next for you.
See how he Quakes!
A ſecure Conſcience never ſhakes.
Thou haſt been ill, be ſo no more;
A good Retreat, is a great Store:
Thou haſt Commanded Men of Might;
Command thy ſelf, and then thou'rt right.

Alin. Command thy Will, thy foul Deſires;
Quench thy wild, unhallow'd Fires.
Command thy Mind; let that be pure;
A Bleſſing then thou may'ſt procure.

Jul. Take ſage Advice: Go ſay thy Prayers;
Thou haſt as many Sins as Hairs.
Of Lawleſs Men, a Lawleſs Chief;
A Rebel bloody, and a Thief.

Alin. Retire thou Trembling Guilt, retire;
And purge thee perfect in his Fire:
His Life obſerve; be that thy Guide,
And Heav'n may then be on thy ſide.

Jul. At *Segovia*, both appear.

Alin. Be wiſe, and Happineſs is near.

Both. Be wiſe, and Happineſs is near. [*Exeunt.*

Rod. Aſtoniſhment! what can this mean? They know my very Soul.

Ped. Mine they've Inſpir'd: — Be wiſe, and Happineſs is near. Thoſe were their parting words. They had the awful Sound of ſacred Truth, and I have faith to Comfort me. Come on my Friend. The Oracle enjoyns an eaſy Pilgrimage. Let's try what Fate intends us. [*Exeunt.*

[*Enter Maſter of the Mad-houſe*, Seberto *and* Curio.]

Curi. We have told you what he is, what time we have ſought him, his Nature and his Name, The ſeeming Boy too. We have given you I think a fair Account of.

Seb. That the Duke ſhou'd ſend that Letter, is Impoſſible; He knows him not. And for his madneſs, that we both can clear him of. A Humouriſt he is indeed a great one, violent too on every ſmall occaſion — but no more —.

Curi. 'Twas ſome Trick that brought him hither; Th' Letter and the Page, both Counterfeits: If therefore you'd be well adviſ'd, don't keep him longer here.

Mas. Gentlemen you have ſatisfied me, and I'll releaſe him: Tho' I muſt confeſs, whether you'l call it madneſs or not, I believe a little more of our Diſcipline wou'd do the old Gentleman a kindneſs. But I'll diſpute no longer — you ſhall have him.

Seb. Sir, we thank you. [*Enter* Lopez.

Mas.

Mas. Here, bring out the old Gentleman, I believe he may be ſomething weak, for we have Dieted him low, and taken a good deal of Blood from him.

Curi. Poor *Alphonſo.*

[*Enter Keeper with* Alphonſo.]

Seb. Poor *Alphonſo* indeed! Was there ever ſuch a Skeleton! Sir, I'm glad once more to meet with you, (*To* Alphon.

Curi. I'm overjoy'd to find you.

Alph. Soft, no flights: Paſſions are all forbid here. Let your Tongue go like a Pendulum, ſteddy: or that Gentleman there will regulate your Motion, with fifty Stroaks o' the back preſently.

Seb. There's no Danger: You are ſafe too; we have ſatisfied the Maſter, who, and what you are; And he has conſented to releaſe you.

Mas. Yes, Sir, theſe Gentlemen have aſſur'd me you are a ſober Perſon, ſo I ask your excuſe for what's paſt, and reſtore you to your Liberty.

Alp. Very conciſe indeed: Sir, I am much beholding to you truly, and do confeſs with great humility I have not deſerv'd the Favours you have been pleas'd to beſtow upon me. But if I have the Honour to ſee you at my Houſe, I ſhall not forget to return your Bounty with ſome Strokes of Acknowledgement.

Mas. Sir, your very humble Servant.

Alp. Sir, Entirely yours.

Mas. Farewel Gentlemen. [*Exit Maſter.*

Alp. Come Friends, one under one Arm, and t'other under t'other. I muſt make a pair of Crutches of ye——

Seb. You are very weak indeed.

Curi. You look wretchedly.

Alp. A little in Love only, that's all. Ah *Seberto.* Ah *Curio* — ſuch Diſcipline, the Lord have mercy on me. Had I been here till to morrow morning, this Dog wou'd not have left me Six Ounces of Blood in my whole Body.

Seb. Can you imagine who put this Trick upon you?

Alph. The Devil to be ſure; but who gave him his Cue I can't tell—— Come, Carry me off: Lead me to Church, I'm in a very Religious fit at this time, and will give ſome ſmall Thanks for my Delivery: when that's over, I'll be reveng'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE an Altar. [*Solemn Muſick.*

Enter Governor, Verdugo, *Courtiers, Ladies, who make their ſeveral Offerings Kneeling.*

Gov. This — To Devotion ſacred be.
This — To the Kings Proſperity.
This — To the Queen, and Chaſtity.

Cor. Sings. Long live the King;
Prolong ye Powers, Prolong his Sway;
Repeat, repeat this Joyful Day,
Long live the King.

Ver. These Oblations firſt we bring
To Purge our ſelves: Theſe to the King:
To Love and Beauty theſe: Accept our Offering,
Cor. Long live the King, *&c.*

Enter Pedro *and* Roderigo.

Ped. For our ſelves firſt Thus we bend;
Rod. Forgive us Heaven, and be our Friend.
With Glory bleſs, and Long preſerve
The Prince we do, or ought to ſerve;
Accept our Offerings we Implore;
The Peace which we have Loſt reſtore.
Ped. Give me *Alinda*, and I ask no more.
Co. Long Live the King, *&c.*

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, Seberto.

Alp. For my Loſt Wits (Let me ſee)
Firſt I pray; and Secondly,
To be at home again and Free;
And if I Travel more,—hang me.
Next for the King, and for the Queen,
That they be wiſe, and never ſeen
Where I was, in the Madman's Inn.
For my Daughter I ſhould pray;
But ſince the Strumpet's run away,
In Heaven's preſence I forſake her
And give the Devil leave to take her.
Long live the King, *&c.*

Enter Alinda *and* Juletta *like Shepherdeſſes.*

Jule. Here they all are, Madam, but fear nothing: The Place protects you. My old *Bilboa* Maſter, o' my Conſcience. How in the name of miſchief got he out? but they have pepper'd him I ſee. That's ſome Comfort.

Alin. Hail to this ſacred Place. [*Going to the Altar.*

Seb. 'Tis She, ſure.

Cur. 'Tis, certainly.

Ped. Is it a Viſion? or is it She?

Rod. 'Tis ſhe, and what you were fortold is now at hand. Rejoice, my Friend, for happineſs attends you.

Gov. aſide. What is't theſe Strangers ſeem ſo much ſurpriz'd at?

Alph. I had a Daughter once with juſt ſuch a young whoriſh Leer as that: A Filly too, that waited on her; much ſuch a Slut as t'other. Are they come to keeping of Goats: 'tis very well.

Alind. Thus we kneel, and thus we pray,
Happineſs attend this Day.
Our ſacrifice we hither bring,
And ſue for Bleſſings on the King.
Julet. Theſe of Purple, Damask, Green,
Sacred to the Virtuous Queen,
Here we hang; As theſe are now,
May her Glories ſpring and flow.

Alind.

Alind. Theſe for our ſelves, our Hopes and Loves,
Full of Pinks and Ladies Gloves.
Of hearts-eaſe too, which we wou'd fain,
As we labour for, Attain.
Hear me Heav'n, and as I bend
With faith and hope, ſome comfort ſend;
Julett. Hear her, hear her, if there be
A ſpotleſs Sweetneſs, this is She.
Co. Long live the King, *&c.*

Ped. Now *Roderigo* I may ſtand in need of your Aſſiſtance.

Rod. My Life is yours.

Ped. Then with a Joy that Lovers know, but none can elſe conceive, Let me approach this beauteous Wanderer.

Alin. O *Pedro.*

Ped. My Life, my Heav'n.

Alp. Pedro: the Devil it is?

Gov. Pedro, Noble *Pedro*, are we ſo happy to have you ſtill among us! This is an Unexpected Bleſſing.

Alph. aſide. A very Great Bleſſing indeed.

Ped. In ſpite of all my Griefs, Life ſtill prevails: Fate ſeems to have ſome farther buſineſs for me; if 'tis to wander on with fruitleſs Care, and buffet ſtill with Diſappointments, let Manhood be my Aid. But if the ſullen cloud that long has lowring hung about my head, be deſtin'd to withdraw, 'tis the warm Influence of your bleſſing Sir, that muſt diſperſe it. [*Kneels to* Alphonſo.

Alp. I bleſs thee!——ha, ha:——Damn thee.

Gov. Sir, tho' I am a Stranger both to you, and the Requeſt the Noble *Pedro* makes you, his merit's ſo well known to me, that I muſt be his ſecond in his ſuit, and tell you nothing can er'e be in your Power to grant, but his deſert may claim.——

Alp. I don't know what his deſert may claim, Governor: But if he claims any thing but a Gallows, he's a very impudent Fellow.

Rod. Perhaps I being a Mediator, Sir, may change your thoughts of him--

Alp. Roderigo?

Rod. Roderigo, Sir, becomes a ſupplicant for *Pedro*, that you wou'd bleſs your ſelf in bleſſing him, and bleſs him with the Fair *Alinda.*

Alp. aſide. Here's a Dog for you: He finds the Jade's a Scamperer, ſo he has a mind to be off of the Lay.

to Rod. Are you ſerious in this requeſt, Sir?

Rod. Moſt ſerious, Sir,

Alp. aſide. I believe you may. Let me ſee: he has a mind to be rid of her, why ſhould not I? *Pedro*'s a Dog, and if I cou'd hang him, I wou'd. But ſince I can't, I'll be reveng'd another way: He ſhall marry the Whore.

to Ped. Look ye Sir; and Madam, [*Bowing to* Alinda.] I have made ſome ſhort Reflections upon the preſent Poſture of Affairs, and am come to a ſhort Concluſion. As to my Bleſſing, I can't Conveniently ſpare it you; but if you can contrive to bleſs one another, you may e'en be as Bleſſed as you pleaſe.

Ped.

Ped. Moſt Generous *Alphonſo.* ——

Alp. Moſt Courtly *Pedro:* you may ſpare your Compliment; for if you take my word for it, the Preſent I have made you do's not deſerve it.

Jule. But I that know her better than he that got her, ſay ſhe deſerves the world.——

Alp. Hark you, Madam, you had a Gillian once; nimble Chaps I think we call'd her: Pray is this the Lady?

Jule. No, Sir, She's at home as you order'd her; I'm a little Footboy that walk a Nights, and Frighten old Gentlemen, make 'em loſe Hats and Cloaks.

Alp. And Horſes too, ha?

Jule. Sometimes I do Sir, when the Caſe requires it. I teach 'em the way too through Hedges and Ditches: And how to break their Shins againſt a Stile.

Alp. A very pretty Art truly.

Jule. Sometimes I'm a Drum, Sir; a Drum at midnight, Ran tan dan, dra dan tan, Sir; a Page too upon occaſion to carry Letters for the ſecuring of old Strolers.

Alph. Thou art the Devil.

Jule. I'm worſe, Sir, I'm an old Woman ſometimes that tells Fortunes.

Rod. Ha!

Jule. And fright Pilgrims, and ſend 'em to *Segovia* for their Fortunes. I am Muſick too, any thing to do her good. And now ſhe has got her Lover, I am *Juletta* again, and at your ſervice Sir, if you pleaſe to forgive me.

Alp. I dare do no otherwiſe, leſt thou ſhou'dſt follow me ſtill: ſo I deſire we may be Friends with all my heart; and Gentlemen, if any of you have a mind to marry her——

Jule. Sir, I am oblig'd to you; but I'm marry'd to my Miſtriſs; with her I hope to paſs ſome three or fourſcore Years; ſo when you have any more Pranks to Play, Sir, you know where to have me——.

Alp. 'Tis very well, I ſhall be ſure to ſend to thee.

Ped. One reconciliation more lies on my hands: In which I muſt engage th' generous Governor. *Roderigo,* Sir, is not unknown to you; nor is he a Stranger to your intereſt with the King. I hope you will employ it to reſtore him.

Gov. The King indeed is much incens'd; but when his merit ſhall be laid before him, I hope he'll find it eaſy to forget his Crimes. Be it my Care to ſet him right at Court.

Alp. And mine to get home to my houſe again; and if I leave it for ſuch another Expedition,

To Jule. May'ſt thou be my Fellow-Traveller.

Gov. I hope before you go, Sir, you'l ſhare with us, an Entertainment the late great Poet of our Age prepar'd to Celebrate this Day. Let the Maſque begin

SONG

SONG of a *Scholar* and his *Miſtreſs*, who being Croſs'd by their Friends, fell Mad for one another; and now firſt meet in *Bedlam*.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

[Muſick within.]

[*The Lovers enter at Oppoſite Doors, each held by a Keeper.*]

Phillis. LOok, look, I ſee--- I ſee my Love appear:
'Tis he---- 'Tis he alone;
For, like him, there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear Man, 'tis thee, Dear.

Amyntas. Hark! the Winds War;
The foamy Waves roar;
I ſee a Ship afar,
Toſſing and Toſſing, and making to the Shoar:
But what's that I View,
So Radiant of Hue,
St. *Hermo*, St. *Hermo*, that ſits upon the Sails?
Ah! No, no, no.
St. *Hermo*, Never, never ſhone ſo bright;
'Tis *Phillis*, only *Phillis*, can ſhoot ſo fair a Light:
'Tis *Phillis*, 'tis *Phillis*, that ſaves the Ship alone,
For all the Winds are huſh'd, and the Storm is over-
[blown.

Phillis. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his Arms.

Amyntas.

Amyntas. If all the Fates combine,
And all the Furies join, [Charm.
I'll force my way to *Phillis*, and break through the

[*Here they break from their Keepers; run to each other, and embrace.*]

Phillis. Shall I Marry the Man I love?
And ſhall I conclude my Pains?
Now bleſt be the Powers above,
I feel the Blood bound in my Veins;
With a lively Leap it began to move,
And the Vapours leave my Brains.

Amyntas. Body join'd to Body, and Heart join'd to Heart,
To make ſure of the Cure;
Go call the Man in Black, to mumble o're his part.

Phillis. But ſuppoſe he ſhould ſtay----

Amyntas. At worſt if he delay;

'Tis a Work muſt be done;

We'll borrow but a Day,

And the better the ſooner begun.

Chorus of Both.

At worſt if he delay, &c.

[They run out together hand in hand.

THE

THE

Secular Maſque.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Enter Janus.

Janus. CHronos, *Chronos*, mend thy Pace,
An hundred times the rowling Sun
Around the Radiant Belt has run
In his revolving Race.
Behold, behold, the Goal in ſight,
Spread thy Fans, and wing thy flight.

Enter

Enter Chronos, *with a Scythe in his hand, and a great Globe on his Back, which he ſets down at his entrance.*

Chronos. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my Freight,
And leave the World behind.
I could not bear
Another Year
The Load of Human-kind.

Enter Momus *Laughing.*

Momus. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! well haſt thou done,
To lay down thy Pack,
And lighten thy Back,
The World was a Fool, e'er ſince it begun,

And

And ſince neither *Janus*, nor *Chronus*, nor I,
Can hinder the Crimes,
Or mend the Bad Times,
'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry.

Co. of all 3. *'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry.*

Janus. Since *Momus* comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the Show,
That he may ſee, in every Scene,
What Changes in this Age have been,

Chronos. Then Goddeſs of the Silver Bow begin.

Horns, or Hunting-Muſique within.
Enter Diana.

Diana. With Horns and with Hounds I waken the Day.
And hye to my Woodland walks away;
I tuck up my Robe, and am buskin'd ſoon,
And tye to my Forehead a wexing Moon.

I courſe

I courſe the fleet Stagg, unkennel the Fox,
And chaſe the wild Goats or'e ſummets of Rocks,
With ſhouting and hooting we pierce thro' the Sky;
And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

Cho. of all. *With ſhouting and hooting, we pierce through the Skie,*
And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

Janus. Then our Age was in it's Prime,

Chronos. Free from Rage.

Diana. —— —— And free from Crime.

Momus. A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,
Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.

Cho. of all. *Then our Age was in it's Prime,*
Free from Rage, and free from Crime,
A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,
Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.

Dance of Diana's *Attendants.*

Enter

Enter Mars.

Mars. Inſpire the Vocal Braſs, Inſpire;
The World is paſt its Infant Age:
Arms and Honour,
Arms and Honour,
Set the Martial Mind on Fire,
And kindle Manly Rage.
Mars has lookt the Sky to Red;
And Peace, the Lazy Good, is fled.
Plenty, Peace, and Pleaſure fly;
The Sprightly Green
In *Woodland*-Walks, no more is ſeen;
The Sprightly Green, has drunk the *Tyrian* Dye.

Cho. of all. *Plenty, Peace,* &c.

Mars. Sound the Trumpet, Beat the Drum,
Through all the World around;
Sound a Reveille, Sound, Sound,
The Warrior God is come.

Cho. of all. *Sound the Trumpet*, &c.

Momus. Thy Sword within the Scabbard keep,
And let Mankind agree;
Better the World were fast asleep,
Than kept awake by Thee.
The Fools are only thinner,
With all our Cost and Care;
But neither side a winner,
For Things are as they were.

Cho. of all. *The Fools are only*, &c.

Enter

Enter Venus.

Venus. Calms appear, when Storms are paſt;
Love will have his Hour at laſt:
Nature is my kindly Care;
Mars deſtroys, and I repair;
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry Day.

Cho. of all. *Take her, take her,* &c.

Chronos. The World was then ſo light,
I ſcarcely felt the Weight;
Joy rul'd the Day, and Love the Night.
But ſince the Queen of Pleaſure left the Ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag
The pond'rous Orb around.

Momus.

Momus. All, all, of a piece throughout;

Pointing to *Diana.* Thy Chaſe had a Beaſt in View;

to *Mars.* Thy Wars brought nothing about;

to *Venus.* Thy Lovers were all untrue.

Janus. 'Tis well an Old Age is out,

Chro. And time to begin a New.

Cho. of all. *All, all, of a piece throughout;*

Thy Chaſe had a Beaſt in View;

Thy Wars brought nothing about;

Thy Lovers were all untrue.

'Tis well an Old Age is out,

And time to begin a New.

Dance of Huntſmen, Nymphs,
Warriours and Lovers.

F I N I S.